

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOL. XII, No. 5
WHOLE No. 292

NOVEMBER 14, 1914

{ PRICE 10 CENTS
{ \$3.00 A YEAR

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It seems prudent to remind readers of AMERICA: (1) that the war bulletin is but a record of facts as far as they can be ascertained; (2) that the Chronicle expresses the sentiments and conditions which obtain in the respective nations; (3) that Topics of Interest and Communications express the views of the writers, not the Editor's; (4) that the Editor's views are found on the editorial page.—Editor, AMERICA.

CHRONICLE

The War.—The situation in France and Belgium still remains unchanged. There has been no cessation of the German offensive, but the stubbornness of the resistance

*Bulletin Nov. 4 p. m.
-Nov. 10 a. m.*

offered by the Allies has everywhere prevented their advance. In Belgium, especially, the losses of the Germans, which are said to be very great, have forced them to give up, to a certain extent, their possessions along the coast, and it has been rumored that the reoccupation of Ostend by the Allies will be announced at no very distant date. The river Yser, which for so long has been the scene of such desperate fighting, has been abandoned by the Germans, who have transferred the main point of their attack further south. Dixmude, Roulers, Ypres, Lille, la Bassée, and

*A Deadlock in the
West*

Arras, continue to witness the most desperate struggles, but the net results of the wanton shedding of human blood are practically negligible. What is worse, there seems to be no prospect of a truce to the fighting. General Joffre undoubtedly has the situation well in hand, and seems to be able to bring reinforcements to any point just as needed. There is a growing admiration for his generalship, and a confidence that he will be able to resist any attacks that

can be made. It is said that he is quite content to allow the Germans to assume the offensive, as it involves costly losses which must eventually so weaken even their perfect war machine that at last human nature will be able to stand it no longer. He is, therefore, biding his time until the Germans have become utterly exhausted. He was willing to wait at the beginning of the war until the opportune moment arrived, and no one is likely to forget how severely he struck when he judged that it had come. That moment, however, to judge from present indications, is a long way off. So far from diminishing the fierceness of their assaults on the French lines, the Germans are massing larger bodies of troops at many points, and are making more violent attempts to carry the strong positions of their opponents than at any previous time. They seem to be bent on clearing every man out of Belgium, and to be prepared to be very prodigal with human life in order to accomplish their purpose. It has been pointed out that the struggle is every day receding further from the possibility of a crushing defeat for either side, and that as a consequence, a solution by force of arms has also become less and less likely. Germany, it is claimed, foresees the time when the dispute must be

submitted to discussion, and wishes to be in a position in which she can insist that she retain the territory she has won. This would mean, of course, that Belgium would become a German province. It is incredible that the Allies, while they can fight at all, should abandon their heroic friend, without whom they would long since, in all probability, have been brought to their knees; and yet expediency has before this countenanced the sacrifice of friends. Whatever may be the truth of the suggestion, and it is pure speculation, that some such motive is behind the present reckless waste of human life, it is cer-

Belgium's Danger

tain that at no time of the war have the German efforts been more violent than they are at present in Belgium. There is absolutely no end in sight.

The thoroughness of the defeat which Russia has inflicted on Germany and Austria is becoming more apparent every day. Last week the Germans in Central Poland were occupying a line that stretched from Lodz to Radom, they have now fallen back to the river Warthe. Not only have they been obliged to retire from Radom and Lodz, but they have lost Petrikau and Kielce as well, and also Sandomierz, which being situated at the juncture of the San and Vistula rivers is a point of great strategic value. Dispatches from Petrograd claim that the Germans have been so badly beaten that they can not reenforce the weak parts of their line and that the Russian advance can not be stemmed. Whether or not this is true remains to be seen; so far at any rate the Germans have been able to retire in order. It was believed that they intended to stand firm when they reached the line of defence that they are said to have constructed from Thorn to Cracow, but it is now reported that they have failed to do so and that the Russians are already across the border. The Germans are certainly much farther back than they were at the beginning of October, and their advance on Warsaw has been as complete a failure as their rush on Paris. Both were brilliant and spectacular, but neither has gained for them any lasting advantage. In Northern Poland also, they have been forced to retreat until they are within their own border. Invasions of East Prussia and Silesia are not unlikely.

The Austrians, too, have shared in the defeat, and the dispatches are again beginning to read as they did in September. Czernowitz has been retaken by the Czar's soldiers, and Jaroslau, and parts of

Austrian Reverses the San river; and they claim to have advanced as far as the Nidzicka river, some thirty-five miles from Cracow. The Austrians once more seem to be unable, in spite of the most vigorous efforts, to hold back the march of the Russians. There is this difference, however, that the Austrians are no longer said to be disorganized. It remains true, nevertheless, that they have never been able to withstand for any length of time a determined Russian attack; the likelihood, therefore, of their doing so now is very slight, especially as Germany has just at present more than she can do to take care of herself. Vienna, however, has made the statement that the Austrian retirement is part of a general plan necessitated by the falling back of the armies in Poland and not by the force of the Russian attacks in Galicia.

What the papers with surprising unanimity have called the most picturesque incident in the war, has come to a close. The fortress of Tsing-Tao has capitulated and with it the whole Protectorate of Kiao-Chow has passed from the Germans. The defence, which lasted 74

days, was much shorter than was expected. It was probably abandoned to save useless expenditure of life, since its final surrender was inevitable. The arrow is no longer "pointed at the heart of Japan," and Germany has been ousted from her stronghold in the Far East. It is hard to overestimate the commercial loss to Germany involved in the passing of Kiao-Chow from her hands. Since its acquisition in the year 1897 German commerce has made immense strides in the Pacific; and Japan is rejoicing at having driven one of her most formidable rivals from Eastern waters. She is pledged to restore the captured province to China; and her own native spokesmen have had no hesitation in assigning the reasons for her readiness to do so. What she covets above all is an isolated position in the Far East. She has no desire to have the European nations as her neighbors; and she realizes that any further acquisition of Chinese territory by herself, would mean further acquisitions by other countries. This would be very detrimental to her interests, as it would involve the necessity of large additions to her army and navy and a proportionate increase in the taxation of her people. It is thought probable that the British troops, which have been cooperating with Japan, will be transferred to Egypt. The three squadrons of warships that have been detained at Kiao-Chow are also free, so that the Emden will need a doubly charmed life from now on, if she is to continue her daring depredations on British shipping.

Russian operations against Turkey are slowly but surely gathering momentum. Already four Russian army corps, mainly composed of troops hitherto stationed in the Caucasus, have penetrated into Armenia and have won minor engagements at Passine, Diadine and Bajaset, the last named place being situated at the foot of Mt. Ararat; they have also driven back an offensive movement carried on by the Kurds in the district north of Kara kilissa, and are now taking possession of all the territory in the vicinity of Erzerum. Further south, Russian officers are said to be in command of a native force that is besieging Van. The Armenians who have no reason to be attached to Turkey, are reported to be everywhere receiving the Russians with open arms, and to be furnishing them supplies of every kind. Roman dispatches are responsible for the report that the Russian fleet in the Black Sea is bombarding the Turkish towns of Zunguldak and Kuzlu. The British have taken Akabah, east of the el Tih desert, and the combined British and French fleet are reported to have silenced the forts of the Dardanelles. Their purpose, so it is declared, is to enter the sea of Marmora, capture Constantinople and the Bosphorus, and then enter the Black Sea and engage the Turkish fleet. It is said that Russia will be unable to transport large bodies of troops into Turkey until the Turkish warships, and particularly the two cruisers recently acquired from Germany, which are inflicting serious damage on the Allies' shipping, have been

put out of commission. England, meanwhile, is looking with a good deal of apprehension on the movements of the Turks toward the Suez Canal. It is unfortified on its eastern side, and can not be adequately protected by British warships against a daring enemy. German engineers, it is claimed, if supported by Turkish soldiers, could easily make it impassible, either by blowing up a portion of the bank or by sinking vessels in its midst. The Turkish army, now moving toward it, has been estimated at from 15,000 to 150,000 men. The position of England in Egypt will continue to be precarious until the loyalty of the Egyptian army, organized by Lord Kitchener, is assured. At the head of the Persian Gulf the fortified town of Fao was captured by Indian troops aided by British marines and British warships. Batum, a Russian town on the east shore of the Black Sea, which is being shelled by Turkish warships, is still holding out. The German cruiser Yorck came into accidental contact with a German mine in the North Sea and sunk immediately with more than 200 of her crew. All Germany is elated over a raid made by a German squadron in the vicinity of Yarmouth. That German ships should be able to menace the coast of England and get away unharmed has come as a good deal of a surprise to the world at large, which has been generally of the opinion that the German fleet was hiding and trembling for its existence.

France.—On November 6, Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, celebrated a solemn requiem Mass at Notre Dame for the officers and men who have fallen on the battlefield. While the schools and colleges of the city were represented by their official heads, the

*Church and State
at Paris*

Government of this Catholic people saw fit to continue its policy of aloofness from all religious movements. Apparently, the Government considers it an extreme extension of courtesy not to forbid them. At the last moment, however, President Poincaré appointed a "personal representative," allowing it to be understood that the delegate was in no sense an official person representing the Cabinet. The wish of the *Figaro*, expressed some weeks since, that the Republic of France might learn from the great American Republic, that a government may without degradation take part in religious movements, remains unfulfilled. Meantime the Socialists, alarmed at the revival of religion, are clamoring against the good Sisters who are doing such heroic work for the soldiers. Thus is gratitude shown. The brawlers should be sent to the front to learn the lesson of patriotism from the thousands of priests there. An effort has been made to reopen the University of Paris and other institutions of higher learning in the capital. At Paris, the usual courses

*Education in War
Time*

in the advanced studies are now offered, as in former years, but a great change has taken place both in the faculties and the student-groups. As practically all able-

bodied men between the ages of eighteen and twenty are in the army, the students are, for the most part, elderly men and foreigners. Two hundred of the professors are also at the front, and their places have been taken by masters and lecturers on the retired list. The reply of the French universities to the universities of Germany on the cause of the war has been published, and is being read to the pupils of the high-schools and lycées. Throughout the country the elementary schools have fared better than might be expected. This no doubt is, in one way, at least, a blessing for the children: it distracts their mind from the horrors of war.

Germany.—The number of prisoners of war in the German concentration camps, as given for November 6 in a Reuter telegram, was 433,247. They are divided as follows:

<i>German</i>	French, 3,138 officers and
<i>Concentration</i>	188,618 men; Russians, 3,121 officers
<i>Camps</i>	and 186,779 men; Belgians, 537 offi-

cers and 34,907 men; English, 417 officers and 15,730 men. Prisoners not yet encamped were not included. Reports agree in stating that the treatment of the captives has been very humane. In this connection Germany has again shown a new consideration to the French captive priests who had been forced to bear arms. They were removed from the concentration camps, at the request of the Bishop of Paderborn, and transferred to Catholic institutions. Belgian priests detained for one reason or another have similarly been housed at the Münster seminary. Great indignation had been expressed in Germany at the imprisonment in the English concentration camps of German male residents between the ages of 17 and 55. No objection was made to securing such as might be under suspicion, but the German Government insisted upon the liberation of all others. England was therefore notified through the American Ambassador that this must be done by November 5 or Germany would apply England's own method in retaliation. Unfortunately no heed was given to this remonstrance and English male subjects resident in Germany are, under the same conditions, being gathered into the concentration camp at Ruhleben.

Great Britain.—Two problems continue to trouble the Government at home. What is to be done with aliens who may be hostile, and what disposition is to be made

*Aliens, Hostile and
Friendly*

of the Belgian refugees? The sensational wing of the press continues to demand that all Germans and Austrians, including those recently naturalized, be interned. It is urged that while foreigners over fifty years of age may be of little use as soldiers, they may be exceedingly useful as spies. On the other hand, the police have lessened their activity in rounding up aliens, because the military authorities are unable to supply suitable quarters for their internment. The question presented by the friendly aliens is scarcely easier of solution. Hitherto

the Belgian Relief Committee has hesitated to employ Belgian workingmen, on the ground that this might unsettle the English labor market. It has now taken the higher ground that unhappiness and demoralization are likely to follow complete idleness for an indefinite period, of a people trained to work, and it has been decided to introduce the Belgian refugees, as far as possible, into trades and occupations in which the native population can not readily be employed. Farming, in which it is felt the traditional Belgian skill in intensive cultivation will be very valuable, lace-making, zinc-working and diamond-cutting, are suggested as occupations in which the Belgians might be employed without injury to the English laboring classes. The Government is now conferring on the matter with a committee made up of Belgians and members of the Labor party.

Ireland.—The Irish Volunteers' first National Convention, held in Dublin October 26, was attended by delegates representing 180 companies that adhered to the original organization. On the same day, *Eire*, a new daily paper supporting its principles, was issued. Mr.

*The Volunteers and
Mr. Redmond*

John McNeill, who was reelected president, said the movement was started for the defence of Ireland as against the Carsonites when the Government, yielding to the Orange threats, had broken their own pledges and coerced the Irish Party into accepting a partition of the country. The army mutiny had impelled Mr. Redmond to take up the movement and, unwisely, to assume control of it. When later, while the Home Rule Bill was still suspended with an Amending Bill around its neck, he urged the Volunteers to fight for England on the Continent, they had to part company with Mr. Redmond and keep the organization to its original object, to defend Ireland within its own shores. They were Irish soldiers, not imperial mercenaries. The Convention passed resolutions to that effect, and also pledging its members to resist the threatened Ballot Act, a form of temporary conscription. It was stated that Mr. Redmond had never turned over to the committee, composed in equal parts of his own nominees, any portion of the funds subscribed, but that they were receiving considerable sums from the United States. Among their supporters was the President of the American Hibernians; the President of the Irish National League of America had also seceded from Mr. Redmond on the recruiting question. Messrs. Redmond, Dillon and Devlin are still urging Irishmen to enlist, though they insist that Ireland has contributed much more than her quota to the army, that her home needs, owing to the demands of agriculture and the drainage of emigration, are pressing, and they are embarrassed by the War Office's refusal to form an Irish Brigade and grant them the facilities afforded to the Carsonites.

Mexico.—There is scarcely any need of dilating on conditions in Mexico. Suffice it to say that they could

scarcely be worse. A crisis is at hand, and no doubt Carranza will soon be forced to yield to pressure. His successor will be a Villista. Meantime the "First Chief" is attempting to recover lost popularity by calling Mexicans to arms against Americans. He is also trying to persuade his countrymen that American Catholics are anxious for armed intervention. This is a calumny worthy of Carranza. It was invented in order to discredit the Church. It now seems opportune to print portions of two affidavits sworn to by two different priests, victims of the same persecution. Some names are suppressed for prudential reasons. Though the portions printed are as graphic as any parts of the fifteen or twenty other sworn affidavits in AMERICA's possession, yet they are not as shocking as many passages that might be quoted.

First Affidavit

While we were all being kept in a special room, as narrated by Father —, this Father asked permission from the officer in charge of the guard that I might leave the prison and receive medical attention, as I was suffering from a very high fever. At this request Villa became very angry, for I overheard the officer telling Villa and also heard Villa uttering very vile words saying: "Take the big goat out and shoot him." . . . One of the soldiers put a rope around my neck and led me out. . . . Then I was led to a corner of a room and a soldier pulled the rope tight around my neck and choked me until I became unconscious. . . . I recovered consciousness quickly, but the soldier again pulled the rope tight, choking me. I again lost consciousness and in coming to my senses I heard Colonel Fierro inquiring of the soldier: "Is he dead?" and I answered, shaking my head, no. "Then shoot him in the head," said Colonel Fierro, and a shot was fired over my head so near that I saw the flash, etc.

Second Affidavit

On going out of the room we were met by several soldiers who were commanded to load their rifles by Colonel Fierro, . . . then some one nicknamed Vaca told us . . . we were all sentenced to be shot. . . . Vaca then tightened the rope around my neck and with his thumb and forefinger caught me by the throat and choked me until I became unconscious. When I came to, I was lying on the floor, and when Vaca saw that I opened my eyes, he drew his revolver and pointed the same at me and fired a shot at my head. . . . He then commanded me to stand up . . . and he again caught me by the throat and choked me as before. I fell to the ground, not losing consciousness, however, and Vaca then tightened the rope around my neck and then I became unconscious. My senses returned and when Vaca saw this he again choked me. . . . On the platform of the station . . . we overheard a colonel . . . speaking in language worthy of the time of Sodom and Gomorrah. We were placed in a freight car under guard of soldiers. . . . When our train was about to leave, the Sisters sent a girl about fifteen years of age from their school, with blankets for the Fathers. Villa ordered this girl to be thrown into the car. . . . The girl, breaking loose, ran away. . . . In Paradon they put a prostitute into our car. (The rest is for the most part unfit to print.—*Editor*.)

Comment would detract from this narrative. Future numbers of AMERICA will contain other items bearing upon the conduct of the Mexican patriots.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Backward Children

The use of the Binet-Simon test or of any other ready made formula for the determination of the backwardness of children has always one serious drawback that must be carefully attended to, or the application of the test will do harm rather than good in a great many cases. It is that any universal measure of human beings, any criterion that is supposed to determine human ability, any examination method that has ever been invented does not make due allowances for the individual. Individuality is the most striking and significant feature of humanity. In spite of the immense number of human beings alive at any one time no two of them look alike. It is probable that no two human beings have ever been born who looked exactly alike. What we mean by looks is practically the facial features and expression. This represents only a very limited portion of the individual and yet even to this small amount no two human beings have ever exactly resembled each other. What is thus true of the human face is true of every portion of the human body. There is a general impression that the rest of the body of most people is almost identical in appearance, but just as no two human faces are absolutely similar, so no two corresponding portions of any other part of the surface of the body are the same. Anatomists even go farther and tell us that no two parts of the interior of the body are precisely alike. Blood vessels divide differently, nerves are distributed differently, tissues are differently arranged, there is no absolute anatomical type for any portion of the body. Anatomists must strike an average and expect any human being to approach that more or less closely, but every man differs from every other in every portion of his tissues quite as much as in the face. Nature has no hard and fast plan to which she is bound, but only an idea of function which she secures.

Here, then, is the most important characteristic of men, individuality. A great deal of modern education and social science seems to have a definite tendency to treat all men alike and to make identical criteria for them, above all, attempts to develop them in the same way. If it were possible to make all men alike, which fortunately it is not, the endless variety which more than anything else in the world makes life worth living from the human standpoint would be sadly interfered with. You may try to pour humanity into the same educational mould or model it by the form and pressure of its time into identicalness, but it always comes out charmingly different. These differences in their almost infinite variety are of themselves a testimony to the Infinity that creates them.

In a number of instances of the application of the Binet-Simon test that have come under my observation, directly or indirectly, the difficulty has been that some of those who applied the test with most confidence have

been least well intellectually developed themselves to apply it in such a way as to respect the individuality of young people. Merely mischievous boys with tendencies to disturb others because of a certain restlessness of disposition—and in one case at least because of an ability to learn things rapidly and easily when he really wished that he had time hanging heavy on his hands—have been pronounced lacking in mentality or mental control, because the examiner had not succeeded in getting a satisfactory test. Women examiners, particularly, are likely to become impatient and then draw hasty conclusions which may affect seriously the future of an individual, though the only trouble in the case is that they have not sufficient sympathy for the individual to recognize what is the real difficulty. They can standardize ordinary mediocre children, who have been brought up in nice conventional surroundings where regard paid for what others think is the supreme ideal of existence, but they can not judge properly of the departures from this, some of which may represent eminently desirable elements of human nature.

Any one who attempts to grade backward children ought surely to know the story of Sir Walter Scott, who, while at school, as we have it on the authority of his teacher, was "an incorrigibly idle imp and who refused absolutely, when every gentleman knew some Greek, to learn even the alphabet," yet proved to be one of the geniuses of the race. It is children who are different that sometimes need more care and attention, not for their own sakes and to keep them from being nuisances to others, but for what they will subsequently accomplish for humanity, rather than the unnumbered multitude of nice conventional children who will never amount to anything in the world. Nor is it merely the poetic mind that may thus be unsubmitive to ordered teaching, but even the future scientific genius may give no hint of what is to be. In the chapter on the Irish School of Medicine, in "Makers of Modern Medicine," I have quoted—in telling the story of the famous Dr. Stokes of Dublin—a passage in which the late Sir William Stokes, himself a very distinguished physician, records in his biography of his father, that the first Sir William's apparent

indolence and disinclination to any steady methodical system of study were sources of real concern to his parents, and caused his mother especially much anxious thought. One day while reading his favorite author, Sir Walter Scott, he fell asleep, to be awakened shortly after by some warm drops falling on his face. He started up to find his mother bending over him. It was her tears that had awakened him. Stung with remorse at having been the cause of so much sorrow to his mother, whom he loved very dearly, his nature underwent an immediate and salutary change, and the dreamy, indolent boy became thereafter the ardent and enthusiastic student.

This Sir William Stokes became one of the most distinguished of nineteenth century physicians, famous for his breadth of view and for his scholarly knowledge of medicine.

We all remember the story of the ugly duckling. It

was hatched among the ducks, seemed particularly awkward in its movements, so that it became the laughing stock of its companions, to its own and its foster mother's serious disturbance, until one day it discovered its true brothers and sisters in the swans and then it proved, instead of an ungainly duckling that could not by any chance be able to fit properly into its lowly surroundings among the ducks, to be one of the graceful birds of the park and not a conventional inhabitant of a poultry yard.

It not infrequently happens that children, and particularly boys between twelve and sixteen, do not mature well. Some apparently physical lack of development actually seems to keep them back for even several years. They become discouraged rather readily. Some of them have to do a great deal more work than others in order to accomplish the same tasks. For such boys there sometimes comes, about sixteen or seventeen, such a sudden efflorescence of ability that it enables them not only to catch up but to outstrip their companions, and prove that they too have real talent approaching genius. One of the best thinkers that I know has told me that he went through an experience of this kind that was very discouraging for himself and for his friends. I know of another case which occurred in one of the best educators of the country. I used to think that these were much more exceptional than they are until some of the studies made by means of the Binet-Simon test where mistakes were made, brought a series of them to my attention. Dr. Max Schlapp, who is one of the New York State Commission for the Investigation of the Feeble-minded and who has for years been occupied with this subject of backward children, has told me of a number of such cases that have been under observation and has emphasized the necessity for taking this element into account always. He has enabled many teachers to understand something of the difficulties of such boys: yet how hopeless the outlook often was.

Of course it may be said that these are only the exceptions that prove the rule. The fact of the matter is that there are so many exceptions, however, that it is dangerous as yet to attempt to formulate the rule. We do not know enough about the developing young human being to be able to set standards or make formal declarations. Many a young person who does not come up to nicely planned standards and examination tests, not only by the Binet-Simon method, but in our examination ridden education, proves to have much more in him than some of those most successful at examinations. Some people actually seem to have a special faculty for passing examinations who do not prove to have very much faculty for anything else.

We can only do harm rather than good by any premature attempt to introduce fixed standards of judgment for retardation of mental growth, or backwardness, as yet. The standard will work all right for certain cases, the judgment with regard to which could easily be made without any such formal test, but it is likely to fail in a

number of those cases where judgment is most difficult, and where the supposed information obtained from a fallacious test will so readily lead astray and give us some of that most undesirable knowledge which Josh Billings so aptly called "the knowledge of things that ain't so."

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

The Great Message

To-day we are cursed by over-specialization. It is no longer enough to say to a man, "Be good." If there are a thousand ways for a man to be bad, you must tell him the thousand particular ways in which he can be good. In an age of specialists, the moralist must specialize just as much as the other scientists; otherwise very few will understand him even if they show enough interest to listen to him, which is improbable.

Perhaps that is why the social message of the Catholic Church has reached so few at the very time when every one needs it most. The old inclusive commands sound trite to many a worldly ear. What is more, the ways of giving them have, in many cases, become ineffective. To-day men expect things to be brought into their homes and daily lives. They no longer go out to seek truth or moral help.

The crazed specialists who fill our schools and colleges, who write for our magazines, who dabble in philanthropy, and lead our laborers, have no desire at all to ask the Church her opinion. If the Church has anything to say, they expect her message to be brought to them by some obliging person, and they expect it to be brought in a form they understand. This attitude of the specialists may be the result of laziness or merely of bewilderment. In any case, it is exasperating. But that does not alter the fact that it exists, and that it accounts very largely for the failure of the Church to bring her message home to these wandering souls by the old methods.

The opinion of the Church is so little known by Protestants and agnostics that they have actually come to the conclusion that she has no opinion at all. Even some Catholics are showing a lack of confidence in the Church. They themselves have come under the specialists' spell. They have heard what those outside the Church say; and being human and weak they have turned traitor.

As a matter of fact, the message of the Church was never fresher or more virile than to-day. Its very freshness and simplicity help to hide it, just as the simplicity and childlike qualities of a really great man often make him obscure. The message is so simple that the youngest child in our schools knows it by heart. "Love the Lord, thy God; and love thy neighbor as thyself for the love of God."

In this exquisitely simple command is summed up "all the law and the prophets." It is the greatest social message the world has ever known. Even if a man is an agnostic or an atheist, it is at least possible for him to

love those about him. He can fulfil the human part of the message, even if he is unconscious of the divine motive.

The love which Christ preached and the Church preaches to-day is far more than mere sentiment or emotion. Your love for your fellow-men may show itself in a hundred ways, none of which could be branded as emotionalism. You can not rob a man if you love him; and you can not be indifferent or unjust to him. With love, the dishonesty, the hatred, the envy, all the evils that tear us to pieces, are impossible. The love "of the law and the prophets" is the central moral force of the universe. Its negation is decay, death, hell. The source of this love is known to naturalistic science as magnetism, its effect is called cohesion. If you destroy the cohesive bonds of a substance, say by friction, you create heat and even fire. The human diseases which result from acts of excess and immorality are merely forms of this same decay, the destruction which follows any breaking up of nature's cohesive bonds. Nature demonstrates the central idea of hell-fire before our very eyes. This is love as scientists know it.

To the man of the street love is known as fellowship. An act of hate destroys this fellowship. It creates disorder and restlessness, the characteristics of all heat and decay. Any break in the fellowship or love of one man for his neighbors brings social fire, social decay. What is the disease of society to-day if not the disorder of hate? The simple, inclusive command, "Love God and thy neighbor," has been denied and attacked. The result has been and is social hell-fire.

To the spiritual minded love is charity. The saints see in love much more than the scientists see, much more than the men in the street. The scientist specializes, the man in the street specializes; each sees a part of love. But the saints and the Church see love as a whole and call it charity. The scientist says, "Do not drink too much alcohol; the excess will cause disease." The man in the street says, "Be decent and honest, and respect your fellow-citizens, otherwise you will start a social revolution." The Church and her teachers say, "Love God and your neighbor; for if you do not, you will not only bring physical disease and revolution, but you will kill your soul."

The Church speaks at once in the language of science and of the man in the street and of the saint. She is sounding the dominant chord of temporal and eternal life. But because to-day is a day of specialization, her language is not heard, nor if it were heard would it be understood by many.

The Church to-day needs laymen, as well as priests, who can carry her message into the thousand and one specialized lives of the scientists and the men in the street. The Catholic business man can carry the message in a specialized form to his fellow business men. The Catholic laborer can interpret the general message to the special needs of his socialist friends. The Catholic

woman of society can meet the sins of society by another special form of the message.

The business man is honest among his kind; but he is often dishonest to his laborers. The society woman may be honest to her servants and her creditors; but she is often a traitor to the highest function of woman. She needs to have the message of love interpreted in one way; the business man needs it in another. And among the best interpreters are those who move in the same circle of life, who understand its difficulties and temptations, who can learn the tact necessary to make their message heard.

The great message of the Church is both old and new; but the way in which we give it to the world must be new. For each and every man in every class of life we must have a special messenger and a special form of the message. Then we can look for a true regeneration. We can then expect the millions of Protestants and agnostics to hear us. Then, too, they will learn that the simplicity of our message is but the simplicity of greatness.

RICHARD DANA SKINNER.

Woman and Religion

Some thirty years ago when the problem novel was coming into vogue, the theological aspects of "Robert Elsmere" were already *passé* with those American women who led the public opinion of that day, but to its suggestions of social service as a substitute for the formal worship of God there was as yet little or no response. Theology was long since at a discount, and by the most advanced women utterly discredited, for the Concord School of Philosophy was supposed to have fired the shot which had struck home to the vitals of the Christian religion. It is true that the Emersonian variety of pantheism still held the mind up to a fictitious supernaturalism which for a time did service in maintaining a moral tone of some aspiration. But as the "Over-Soul" has so little support in right reason—which for its three dimensions has God first, myself second, and all phenomena else next—that "Free Thought" easily brought it down to so many varieties of spiritualistic and materialistic conceptions that each woman of pronounced individuality could choose her favorite, or failing to be pleased could elect one of her own making.

Although for most Protestants dogmatic Christianity was intellectually dead, and had been buried by "Higher Criticism," yet, as it still persisted in the lives of some representative women, it was a force to be reckoned with in any sort of social enterprise desiring nation-wide recognition. Otherwise the Woman's Christian Temperance Union could never have flourished. Just how weakened the essential elements of Christianity had become can be gauged by the fact that at the close of her term as president Miss Frances Willard could, without offence to her international union, eulogize the red flag as the emblem of a great host making for industrial peace, when in fact it is the most potent force organized among the

masses in tearing down the truths upon which peace shall be established. Evidently once a popular assent is given to the right of private judgment in things of vital import to the soul, the inherited Christian sense becomes too dull to distinguish foe from friend. So it was that gradually our Blessed Lord lost His place in the Atonement with women active upon the sociological field, and became merely the most conspicuous figure in all time as a leader of men upon paths of social betterment. His path was indeed steep for the multitude of His day and generation to climb. But it is the belief that under the law of evolution, which is taken for granted, human nature is so susceptible of change that it is becoming less difficult to be altruistic, especially so now that universal education is insisted upon. When "all is becoming" there is no Being, and having no point of rest by which in contrast to realize action, Transcendentalism after a little while tumbled down at the hest of Utility. And the philosophy which was to set all the folk wise who would "hitch their wagon to a star" is now as the Temple that once stood at the tip-top of Concord hill. It is being preserved, for it has been hauled down to the slough at the bottom to make room for a commercial enterprise. Just so the ecstatic wave of spiritual independence has sunk to a foundation that rests upon schools in which God is left out.

Indeed women are more sinned against than sinning! They did not blast the Rock of Ages, for since they were taught that the individual is at once the "created and the creator" how could the Ten Commandments stand in defiance of the knowledge of the age? There is superficial evidence that woman's religion is now flourishing. But the facts are extant to show that the vagary known as "Christian Science" is the mental product of a man. For it was one of "old Doc Quimby's" mental patients who first preached the Quimby cult before establishing it as her own.

Just here a deeper aspect of the case is presented, for the question arises, Why does woman accept the authority of men? Why does she not become her own authority, since "free thought" and private interpretation of the Scriptures is the criterion of the masses? Besides it is a popular superstition that women are more religious than men. Hence in this land of religious liberty women are as free to make a "new religion" as is the distinguished President Emeritus of Harvard, and not a few are as well qualified.

It were of course sufficient to remind Christians that our Lord commissioned men, not women, also, to preach His gospel to all nations. Yet if this were the opportunity it would be a satisfaction scientifically to trace back the designs of Almighty God, thus coming to the basic principle that not the individual is the unit of civil society, but rather the family. Consequently in the constitution of things human it is writ large that the family, being a moral body, has its authoritative head in the man. If the head goes wrong, what shall prevent the

other members from following? Surely without the supernatural revelation to man by God of the fundamental laws relative to things human there is extant no explanation which can reconcile a bad world and a good God. Inquisitive woman wants to know! She has, alas! taken man's word for it, not God's. So the ripest fruit of the so-called Reformation is a popular absence of belief in the authority of Christian dogma. There is, too, a more deadly bloom which is already passing into the green. Since God is alleged to be merely within and not also distinct from His creation, it is absurd to pray. One were best to grin and bear it, for as Nature is constantly evolving, beginning nowhere and going onward and upward forever toward the self-same place, by supplication one can not, for she can not, change one jot or tittle of her law. But worst of all is the propaganda, well in the bud, that the Christian religion is but a shrewd scheme to "prevent us from doing what we want." The acceptance of the world, the flesh and the devil as the aim and end of existence is set forth upon the principle that "self-expression" is the law of life to the utter repudiation of *self-sacrifice* which as a guiding principle of Christianity has unnerved and enslaved the human mind.

Of course it were too much to expect that women should be strictly logical in doctrine. Better still that deeds do not logically follow words, else the divorce-courts would be put out of commission by the repudiation of the Sixth Commandment, and animality would be in full swing. Neither should one expect women logically to follow their leaders, as sentiment holds in sway the multitude. But a false psychology is perhaps as dangerous to religious health as a radical deduction. A national leader of women, of international fame, Rev. Anna Shaw, President of the Woman Suffrage Association, does not "believe in being tied down to rules as old as the hills." But Dr. Shaw does believe that the marriage service should be "cut out. It is useless and has served its day." However, to accommodate the prejudices of the "after Christians," to use Professor Devas' admirable phrase, Reverend Anna Shaw performs a ceremony of marriage to suit each case.

"The principals consult me beforehand and we prepare the vows." But there shall be no head to the families thus set up. "As for the word *obey* I had only one girl who wanted to make such a crazy promise. There was only one thing for me to do. I refused to marry her." "... It is wrong for one human being to be obeyed by another. It is an absolute sin." (Address, Philadelphia, June 15, 1914.)

Happily the positive quality of mind is rather rare among women. For this reason they are pious, loving and serving God because of a recognition of His goodness, rather than because of a comprehension of His glorious works. Not less religious is man than woman, they differ only in the expression of their piety. Once mechanical, mathematical, inexorable law occupies the throne of religion in the mind of a sincere woman, consequences moral and intellectual are thrown to the winged

winds. There is the stuff of which heroes are made in those women who because of false teaching are thrown back upon a mechanical ideology for their moral code. Where one such has a national vogue her influence makes greatly for the destruction of that which she elects to serve, namely, the cause of mankind, which is enthroned to the exclusion of Almighty God. One of our ex-presidents has called upon Miss Jane Addams for a political service, assuming her influence to be foremost among American women. It is too true that Miss Addams has a vast sympathetic following which is based upon the enchantment of mechanical order. This "best-loved woman in the United States," who is a pathfinder for Bebel's most vicious book, has this to say:

"The Socialists are making the sole attempt to preach a morality sufficiently all-embracing and international to keep pace with even the threads of screws and the size of bolts, so that machines become interchangeable from one country to another." (Newer Ideals of Peace.)

What, then, is the religion of women dominant in the sociological affairs of our country? Certainly it is not Christianity.

MARTHA MOORE AVERY,

Director of Boston School of Political Economy.

The War and the Revival of Catholicism in France

As a spectator in Paris of the first two weeks of war I am left with the impression that one of the chief results of the present conflict will be a great revival of Catholicism in France.

Of all the peoples in Europe the French are almost alone capable of rapid communal expression. That criticism of the democratic ideal which bases its case on the inability of masses of men to express their collective will in an adequate manner, seems borne out by the greater part of modern European history. Yet the French nation by some oddity in her development gives this accusation the lie. That indescribable thing which differentiates one nation from another emphasizes in her case the fact that the strange force in Gaul, which has ever made her the decisive battleground of Europe, is capable of being canalized into the collective protest of a people. And it is this power of rapid communal expression that leads one to think that the Catholic revival in France will not be a passive one, expressing itself merely in a cessation of attacks on the Church. It will be an active, nay, even a violent, national movement that will reimpose the Faith on France.

Gaul, again, almost alone among the children of the Roman Empire, retains the Roman tradition in its purity. You can watch her reimposing it on the Maghreb, on the northern shores of Africa, in her military camps, the straight roads, the planting of trees, and the towns with their one straight street. Europe, which once held northern Africa and lost it in the great Moslem raids, holds it again through France. That which alone has made the second reoccupation of the Maghreb incom-

plete is that though the soldier of the Roman tradition has recaptured Africa, the Roman faith is absent. The faith of St. Louis no longer vitalizes the French arms. Yet this clinging to the "secular" side of the Roman tradition, has ever made Gaul the battleground of Europe. From those boundaries of hers, which have hardly varied since she became a nation at the close of the Dark Ages, she has led those great European raids against Western paganism and Eastern decadence. She alone was capable of conceiving the Crusades; she alone in her fierce practicality conceived the Revolution. On whether the Faith holds firm in France, then, depends eventually the salvation of Europe. That is what lends such extraordinary interest to the prospects of a complete resurrection of the Church in Gaul at the conclusion of this war.

I see this Catholic revival, first, through a series of recent happenings, and then through a series of personal impressions.

Before the war began there were numerous signs of a renaissance of the Faith in France. (Mr. H. G. Wells, who almost alone among non-Catholic writers has a strong sense of *fact*, although his interpretation of facts will not always be acceptable to the Catholic mind, has recorded his own belief that a great revival of Catholicism will be among the most marked developments of the twentieth century.) In the face of such conspicuous conversions from infidelity as those of Paul Bourget, Huysmans, Brunetière, Coppée, Rété, it was impossible to ignore the influence of the Church among litterateurs who a few years before were entangled in materialism or Eastern mysticism; while an esthetic appreciation of the Faith was a clear note in the verse and prose of the French naturalist writers. Again one saw the resurrection of the Catholic spirit in the admissions of radical politicians that the attack on the Church had been barren of results, save that it had tended to strengthen and renew the Catholic body. These realized their inability to dissociate the French mind from the moral demands of Christianity. Active anti-clericalism died about the year 1905. Moribund radical politicians did, it is true, attempt to revive the anti-Christian ardor of past years at the time of the Agadir crisis, against the advice of many of the keener minds of the movement; but that was a distinct failure. Thus, before the war, the reappearance of the Catholic spirit in literature and the effective pressure of the Catholic mass of the nation on the politicians had opened the gates to the rising tide of the Catholic renaissance.

What, then, of after the war?

To a person who witnessed, as the present writer did, the extraordinary religious fervor in Paris at the commencement of hostilities, not merely among ardent Catholics but among those who had for many years neglected their religious duties, it would seem impossible that there should be a reaction to indifferentism at the cessation of hostilities. Mornings at Mass, and afternoons spent in wandering through many churches in all quarters of the

city, speedily brought me to the view I put forward: that this crisis has *shocked* the French nation into a realization of the power of religion in moments of high tragedy. And if in moments of high tragedy, why not in those minor tragedies that crowd even everyday life?

Nor do I think that these personal impressions of mine of great services at the Madeleine, the Sacre Coeur de Montmartre, play me false. I find that other witnesses support me. I quote from an article from the pen of an acute observer in a recent number of a prominent London weekly:

To what extent the services attracted once rather slack congregations I realized less than one month ago. Outside a village which never was famous for church-going enthusiasm, I chanced upon a game-keeper engaged in conversation with half-a-dozen soldiers bivouacking under a railway bridge, a few miles north of Hirson, and he was just saying: "In our village there are no political parties; no Royalists, no Imperialists, no Radicals; everybody goes to Benediction at night." This was the plain truth, and it applied to all those parishes where a priest was left: everybody went to Benediction at night. The old Catholic feeling, which no amount of religious controversy can kill, was alive everywhere.

It seems to me impossible that those of the French nation who were shocked by the destruction of Reims cathedral and other churches, can revert to the Radical game of taking these very edifices from their rightful owners. I can not see how the death of great priests like the Abbé Délebecque, the bravery of those thirty thousand of the clergy who are, according to a London estimate, at the front, can fail but to impress the imagination of a people who have been asked to regard these men as cassocked imbeciles. The French nation is united. When atheist has stood shoulder to shoulder with Catholic in battle, the former can no longer call the latter unpatriotic and a danger to France. Those who have sneered at the pulpit as the "coward's fort," will have to admit that even if the pulpit is the "coward's fort," the priest in any other kind of fort is a very brave man. Those who have regarded the Church, even as many did at the time of the Revolution, as dead, will have to admit not merely that it is alive, but alive and kicking. How can there be a revival of religious persecution in the face of such impressions and admissions?

There is one other point I would emphasize. If Alsace-Lorraine becomes again at the end of this war an integral part of French territory—I do not say that it should or will, O Heckler for Neutrality!—it is not conceivable that even the stupidity of Radical politicians will allow them to impose the anti-Catholic laws on a province that has enjoyed a large amount of religious liberty under German rule. And is it possible to make an exception of Alsace-Lorraine to the exclusion of the other provinces of France? The answer is self evident. Here I end my somewhat dogmatic diagnosis and prophecy of the future of Catholicism in France, knowing full well that prophecy is apt to be not merely unwise but foolish!

LOUIS H. WETMORE.

A Catholic Daily Newspaper

A saintly priest has well said that, "if the daily newspaper as it comes into our homes were to be given to the world in book form it would have to be placed upon the Index." No thoughtful observer of our times who has the welfare of mankind at heart would venture to disagree with him. Whilst there is good as well as evil in the daily newspaper even of to-day, the evil has outgrown the good and has become dangerous on account of its insidiousness. The good comes like the light of the day; we see it and rejoice in it because it brightens up everything. The evil comes like the invisible dust in the air; it penetrates our thoughts, reaching every nook and corner of our minds unperceived, until by its accumulation it has besmirched our moral views and has made evil lose its ugliness for us. We condone the evil on account of its evanescence, failing to realize that although its impress is momentary the constant recurrence of it produces a lasting influence.

The daily newspaper of to-day is in a decadent state. By common consent and practice the daily newspaper has three functions: to inform the people; to communicate between buyer and seller, and to mould public thought. Only one of these functions remains anything like normal, namely, that of communicating between buyer and seller and even this has been perverted. Because the success of the daily paper depends upon the number of its readers, keen competition for readers has brought the price of it below the cost of production and has widened and thinned down its function of informing the people into one of pandering to their curiosity, animal instincts and prejudices. As a logical sequence the burden of earning dividends has fallen upon the advertiser, and the function of moulding public thought has been sacrificed to his interests and to the whims of the people.

While society in general has something very vital at stake in the newspaper's decadence, Catholics have more at stake than society in general. It strikes at our civilization, but it also strikes at Christianity the foundation of our civilization. If Catholics really want to hand down their precious heritage of faith in its full strength and vigor to their children and their children's children they must reform the press at least in so far as they themselves use it. A Catholic school education and a sermon once a week with even the best home environment will not withstand the post-graduate work of the newspaper, which in picture and type daily presents the weakness, crimes, scandals and sins of the community in attractive coloring as though they were the deeds of heroes and martyrs. It is man's nature to become imbued with what he sees, hears and reads until it is part of him and he reflects it in his acts.

The daily newspaper has every qualification for good that it has for evil; it remains for man to make it an agent for good. There are always more edifying acts in a community than disedifying ones; more good deeds

done than bad ones. For every faithless husband and wife there are hundreds of faithful ones. For every one who commits a crime there are thousands who do virtuous deeds and noble acts. For every evil act which is dressed up as an heroic deed there are thousands of real heroic deeds which could be set forth in their nakedness. A daily newspaper which would record what is beautiful, good, noble and edifying in the community would be a power for good. It would find many readers, for, after all, there is a better psychological foundation in the people for good than there is for evil. Most Catholics would support it; all ought to support it. Those who would not do so in the beginning could be educated to do so. What people really want in a newspaper is the news. When that has been told simply, briefly and truthfully without nauseating details, whatever more is to be given most people would prefer to have come from the good side of life rather than from the bad side. It is only the morbid, perverted mind which likes to wallow in intellectual and moral filth and the majority of human beings have normal minds.

New York, Philadelphia and Chicago have large enough Catholic populations inside of a newspaper radius to support a distinctively Catholic daily newspaper. A capital of two million dollars would establish such a paper in any of these cities and carry it to an investment basis. It might take from five to ten years to do it but it could be done if the project were carefully managed and persevered in. The financial returns after the paper had been securely founded would be ample to justify the undertaking on a commercial basis and the ethical returns and the good which would come to civilization from it would be beyond calculation.

The task of establishing such a paper belongs to the layman. It is peculiarly a function of the "Lay Apostolate." It fits the layman exactly and the layman fits it. It is a business enterprise which can be used to extend the Kingdom of God and preserve the truths which Christ has revealed to us. There is no preaching in it, merely an acting out in everyday life of the teachings of the Church for the edification of all. It is a way, too, in which help can be extended to the brother outside of the Church who has not been blessed with the faith and to whom the Catholic layman is a brother's keeper. There are thousands of good people in the world clinging to the remnants of a pre-Reformation standard of morality which the story of divorce, dishonesty, political debauchery, murder and everything which is debasing as it appears in the daily press insidiously robs them of, setting them adrift in the ocean of irreligion and immorality. A clean, edifying daily paper might preserve for them this vestige of Catholicity which they have by inheritance and tradition, and perhaps ultimately bring them the full substance of what is now a shadow.

Reformation of the press within itself can scarcely be hoped for on account of the practices which have sprung up in the newspaper business through competition for

commercial advantages. It must come from an outside force strong enough to gather and hold readers on an ideal standard of ethics. The Catholic Church undoubtedly is the best equipped and strongest organization for this purpose in the world to-day.

The resources for a Catholic daily newspaper exist. Much of the best newspaper talent in the country is Catholic. There is ample capital in the hands of Catholics for a Catholic daily paper. Catholics who have thought about the matter are willing and ready to do their part. Catholics who have not thought about it are either indifferent or disinclined to do anything. Serious sober thought would make all realize that in such a task there lies a duty. Really all that it is necessary to do for bringing into existence what every thoughtful Catholic seems to think ought to exist is to organize the resources at hand, to coordinate them and direct them to the desired end with a strong faith, firm purpose and persevering effort.

Catholics in the United States have built churches, schools, and eleemosynary institutions and have liberally supported them. They have done these things for the preservation of their faith. What they have done, excellent as it is, is incomplete and insufficient until they have buttressed it with the establishment of Catholic daily newspapers. Such papers are necessary for a voice in matters of public interest, for defence of Catholic principles, and above all for correct information on a thousand and one subjects which through ignorance or design are misrepresented or ignored in the daily newspapers as now published. They would serve a splendid purpose for postgraduate work among Catholics by keeping them in touch with the social, philanthropic and intellectual life of the Church, by reports of the happenings in parishes and eleemosynary institutions and of the proceedings of conventions, summer schools and gatherings of various kinds. There is not a day but that something is going on in some part of the United States of interest to Catholics in all parts of the United States, an account of which would be both instructive and inspiring. Such papers would supply to Catholics the crowd-stimulation which comes to men who address vast, sympathetic audiences and would give them some sense of proportion of their numbers compared with other religious bodies and the population at large.

Catholics need Catholic daily papers also for the purpose of strengthening their Catholic weekly papers. Strictly speaking, a weekly newspaper can not be produced because news is too evanescent to be of interest at the end of a week. Catholic weekly papers could be made most interesting and valuable journals were there Catholic daily papers from which to draw the news of the day. They ought to summarize the news of the week and comment on it. At present only a few of them, notably AMERICA, can even attempt it. Were this generally done they would be much more welcome in Catholic families and when known and understood would be regarded as

an indispensable part of the literature of the household. Under existing conditions it is practically impossible to make our Catholic weekly papers what they ought to be because there is no reliable source of information for summaries and comments.

A Catholic daily paper should be planted in the hearts and faith of the rank and file of the laity. The capital should be subscribed by the many not by the few. Twenty thousand subscribers of one hundred dollars each would be ideal for a capital of two million dollars. This would give the paper a Catholic foundation from which it could not be dislodged. A stockholder holding one or even ten shares would place the Catholicity and efficiency of the paper before his dividend; a stockholder holding from one thousand to ten thousand shares probably would reverse these items. Besides, no man can bequeath his Catholicity to his heirs, and it often has happened that the second, third, or fourth generation removed from the most devout parents, has been found outside of the Church. Then again with holders of a few shares of stock, death and the change of fortune could not bring embarrassment to the management through new, unfriendly interests.

What legacy can a father leave to his son so pregnant with happiness as something which will help him to maintain his faith? What sincere Catholic would not gladly invest thousands of dollars to insure his offspring's loyalty to the faith? In daily Catholic newspapers Catholics have the best security for the faith of their children and their children's children which mere money can give. How much better to invest a little of one's wealth in these than to leave it in forms which corrupt and debauch? One can see the future of one's own family in what has happened to one's own generation of those who have gone before. How many have lost their faith through the influence of a non-Catholic environment and a degenerate press God only knows?

LAWRENCE F. FLICK.

London in War Time

It is Trafalgar Day. Round the decorated Nelson column in Trafalgar Square there have been all day patriotic demonstrations, to which a practical purpose has been given by making collections for the war relief fund and for our guests, the Belgian refugees. Round the base of the column hang memorial wreaths, in honor of the brave men who met their deaths so resolutely and devotedly when the lurking danger of the North Sea struck their ships and gave no chance of striking back. We are proud of our navy in this war. It has done all we expected and we expected the best. Our ships have kept their silent watch on the narrow seas; they have paid the price in gallant lives; when the opportunity offered, they have fought with the disciplined efficiency that brought swift destruction on their opponents; and in the hour of victory our seamen showed a reckless courage in saving the lives of their late enemies, and a manly appreciation of the courage with which the German sailors kept their guns in action to the last.

The great day of trial—the pitched battle on the sea—is

still to come, but we look forward to it with confidence. Meanwhile the navy is keeping our shores safe by its mere presence and its silent power. And it is also keeping the great ocean routes clear, by "bottling up" von Ingenohl's squadrons behind the batteries of the Frisian coast. There are a few hostile cruisers still on the prowl. They were out before the war began. Some of these raiders have been hunted down; the rest will soon be caught. Meanwhile the damage they can do is relatively a trifle. Our food-ships come into our ports; our mail steamers and cargo ships start on the appointed days. There has been none of the huge rise of prices that was predicted before the war. For a few days they had a tendency to rise; then came the official statement as to supplies available and on the way; the guarantee of insurance on food cargoes; after that prices first steadied and then in most cases actually dropped. Raw material for the sugar refineries was short for a time, because the war had come as a surprise. A Government grant to the importers settled the difficulty and now the price is very little above what it was six months ago. In the London restaurants and teashops the scale of prices has never been altered from the peace tariff.

The war is, it is true, fifteen weeks old. The first week was the worst. We were plunging into the unknown. There had been no war with a European neighbor for many a long year. We had never attempted a general mobilization. We could not realize what the readjustment of business would mean. And then there was a really dangerous financial crisis. The London banks had been financing big foreign transactions, taking over bills for half Europe, helping the Stock Exchange to carry on with prices dropping hourly in the anxious week before the crash came; and financing contractors, traders and manufacturers on securities that now left no margin. An immediate liquidation would have meant a deficit of fifty millions sterling. If a run had started, the great banks would have gone smash like a train of fireworks crackling off in succession. The four days' bank holiday, the temporary moratorium, the Government guarantee of a whole series of liabilities, and the issue of pound notes and ten-shilling notes (not of the Bank of England but of the Treasury) warded off disaster.

The mobilization went like clockwork. Every one who had anything to do with it was surprised at the easy and rapid way in which the home army expanded from about 150,000 to over half a million. Then came the rush of new recruits and old hands rejoining. In some of the foreign papers I have seen absurd stories about the people hanging back. The plain fact is that the rush of recruits surpassed all expectations, and at one moment was an actual difficulty on account of all preparations, that had been made on the most sanguine estimates, proving insufficient. Even those who had opposed the idea of war were enthusiastic supporters of the Government from the moment that the Germans marched into Belgium. Whatever may be thought in other countries of the merits of the quarrel, the people here are solid in support of what they hold to be a just cause and a necessary fight for the safety of the country and the empire.

And I feel sure that no praise can be too great for the calm, orderly spirit in which they have faced the trials of war time; for the generosity with which all classes have contributed to the funds raised for the victims of the war; and finally for the eager kindness with which they have welcomed and provided for a host of refugees from Belgium. Not the least praiseworthy feature of this hospitality is the way in which even Protestants are taking care to provide for the spiritual needs of these Catholic exiles. At the Alexandra Palace, a great place of entertainment in North London, where the scheme had proved a failure and the huge buildings

are derelict, temporary quarters are provided for many hundreds. It is a kind of receiving depot from which the refugees are passed on to more permanent quarters. Here the theatre has been converted into a church with several altars. The high altar is just behind the line of footlights. The refugees begin the day with Holy Mass, said by some of the priests who have come with them. It is true that Catholics are represented on the reception committee, but the majority are Protestants.

And let me note that the war, though it has temporarily paralyzed more than one of our organized Catholic works, is indirectly helping the Church in England. At the front and at home Catholics are doing their part. One of the first patriotic gifts made after the war began was the offer by Cardinal Bourne of the free use for the wounded of a fully equipped and fully staffed hospital just founded at Willesden Green in North West London. Catholic names are numerous in the roll of honor of those who have fallen in fight.

Just after the Belgian refugees began to arrive we had a Catholic procession in the streets of London, ending with a service at the Cathedral. It was a processional of prayer for the dead and for an honorable peace. English and Irish, Belgians, French and Poles marched under their national banners. We had about 5,000 in line. I acted as one of the marshals and interpreters for the foreign contingents. While the procession was being formed I had a talk with a soldier in khaki uniform, a gunner of our Royal Artillery, with a row of war medal ribbons on his jacket. The Soudan ribbon started the talk and we exchanged memories of old campaigning days on the Nile. I asked him where he last saw fighting and he told me he had been wounded at Mons, had now recovered and next week would be back with the guns in France. Then we talked of the fighting in Belgium. "I never saw men like the Belgian priests," he said. "I could not imagine braver or better men. They were up to the firing line, and whether you were Catholic or Protestant didn't matter. They never asked, but just set to work to save your life. I am an Irishman and I was a Protestant until Mons. But their religion is the religion for me, and I have put my name down to be a Catholic."

The soldiers' letters are full of praise of the priests and nuns. One of them, written by an English private in a line regiment, tells of the impression made upon him by what he saw in a French village. He tells how at one end of it there was a little convent and the nuns "in a gray uniform," stood by the door giving fruit and refreshing light wine to the tired men as they tramped past. "To my dying day," he says, "I shall never forget those nuns; they looked so beautiful and holy and pure." And the writer is a Protestant.

But I am getting away from London. Of the war in France I shall say nothing. The expeditionary force slipped away from the country in utter silence in the mid-August days. Since then it has been characteristic of the people that no news has been black enough to depress them, though the tidings were at first disappointing enough. The less worthy class of newspaper writers have been fanning the flame of hate against the Germans, and working up a spy scare. The scare has the slenderest foundation in fact, but it has had some unpleasant results, notably a riot in South London and a good deal of harrying out of their situations of men with German names. But this has been the only scare.

You will say, what about the Zeppelin scare? Well, there has been very little excitement and no panic on that head. We all know by the experience of Paris, Namur and Antwerp that bomb throwing from the sky is likely to come. London is a big target, and has its arsenals, magazines, wireless installations and the like which a daring German raider might

try to damage. Or there may be mere reckless scattering of explosives and incendiary bombs. Perhaps when the attempt is made there may be some local panic, but I doubt it. Meanwhile London submits with patience to the precautions imposed by the authorities, with a view to making it difficult for the raider to choose his targets. London is gloomy enough at night; no lights in shop fronts, dim lighting of streets, a faint glimmer in the street cars that makes it impossible to read. It is a bit of a nuisance, but it is a very minor "horror of war." Aerial scouts cruise about, high-angle guns are mounted, searchlights sweep the sky. But every one I have spoken to looks on the whole business with more of interested curiosity than alarm. Property is being insured against damage, but rates are low, two shillings and sixpence per cent. per annum is the ruling rate now, and a shilling more if one lives too near a Government establishment. The rate covers all kinds of incidental losses also.

Taking it all round, the war has not caused one-tenth of the trouble that was expected. We have got used to the new conditions and are keeping "business as usual." The long battle in France has come to something like a deadlock. We are getting used even to the dearth of news. For the moment we are chiefly interested in looking after our Belgian guests, and waiting with a mild curiosity for what Count Zeppelin and his colleagues may do. For the rest we are all pulling together and trying to help each other, but there is less poverty than one usually has to deal with in London as autumn comes on. Things may be more difficult when winter is upon us, and when the November session of Parliament brings heavier war taxes. But we do not worry about what is coming. The quiet patience of every one, their cheerful patience, is wonderful. There are few households, perhaps there are none, that have not relatives or friends either at the front or awaiting orders. But every one accepts the changed condition of things and all its anxious possibilities in a quiet, matter of fact way. There was far more nervous excitement over the South African War. There is not a trace of the flag wagging, mafficking and other absurdities of that period. Yet the South African War was a trifle compared with our present business.

London.

A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

COMMUNICATIONS

(Correspondents who favor us with letters and contributions are reminded that their manuscripts will not be returned unless stamps for postage are enclosed.)

The Abolition of the Greek-Catholic Church by Russia

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Two weeks ago a European news dispatch was published to the effect that Count Andreas Szeptycki, Greek Catholic Archbishop and Metropolitan of Lemberg, Galicia, was made a prisoner of war by the Russians and had been carried off to the interior of Russia. In connection with this outrage the following may be of interest to the readers of your journal. In a recent issue of the *Utro Rossi*, a Petrograd daily, we read the following item:

The Holy Synod is in receipt of a telegram, announcing the arrival, at Lemberg, of the Orthodox Archbishop Eulogius, who is to deliver a memorial sermon in one of the Greek-Catholic churches. High Mass is to be celebrated by him there on September 27th. *The Orthodox Rite has been declared the dominating religion in Galicia.* The Holy Synod sent its blessing to such Greek Catholics as are prepared to embrace the Orthodox faith.

Archbishop Eulogius, referred to in the above telegraphic message, is the typical representative of the Russian State Church,

which took part in the plot to seize Galicia. The *Nova Reforma*, a prominent Cracovian paper, in commenting upon this message, says:

The Metropolitan, Count Szeptycki, was made a prisoner of war and removed from the city of Lemberg, with the obvious object of preventing him from protesting against the dissolution of the union between the Greek Catholic Church and Rome. It is of interest that Archbishop Eulogius deemed it proper to celebrate Mass in the Greek Catholic church, although the city of Lemberg harbors a newly-erected and spacious Orthodox church. By so doing the archbishop desired to make it clear to all that the Russian Government decided to change the Greek Catholic into an Orthodox church. *To this unheard-of suppression of the conscience and religious sentiments of Greek Catholics the attention of the whole civilized world should be drawn.* The justification of the Greek Catholic Rite is based upon its union with the Vatican. Not only Ruthenians, but many Poles are members of this Church. The purpose of official Russia in destroying this union and in declaring the Orthodox Church the dominant religion in Galicia, is to strengthen the political foundation laid by Russian machinations before the outbreak of the war, and thus to continue their ruinous influence even in case Russia should be forced to evacuate or give up Galicia.

In conclusion it may not be out of place to add that the recognized leaders of the Ruthenians in the Austrian Parliament, Dr. Lewicki, Professor Romanczuk and Dr. Olesnycki, have also solemnly protested against this infamous crime committed by Russia upon the most sacred ideals and sentiments of the Ruthenian people.

New York.

ALEX. VON NUBER,
Austro-Hungarian Consul-General.

One Vote Lost

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am a convert to the Faith, and can not but marvel at the passivity of the millions of Catholics in the United States under the manner in which the President and his appointees ignore their appeals in behalf of decency and humanity. I have always been a Democrat. My ancestors have been Virginia Democrats since the foundation of the party, but I will vote the Republican or Progressive ticket before I will again support an administration that ignores the appeals of millions of my coreligionists. I believe that every Catholic worthy the name holds, or should hold, the same view of the matter; and if Catholic voters would voice this opinion broadcast in the Catholic press throughout the land, the present Administration would feel that it could no longer afford to ignore their appeals.

Sligo, Texas.

W. P. LUPTON.

The Italian Question

To the Editor of AMERICA:

My article on "Religious Conditions in Italy," published in AMERICA a few weeks ago, has found opponents. It seems that in certain quarters there is a disposition to believe that the bulk of the Italian people are not good Catholics; the reason assigned being the character of the Italians in this country. Is this a good reason? No. Circumstances here are so different from those that obtain in Italy that a man who should judge Italians in Italy by those in the United States, would certainly be misled. First of all, what of the Italians who come to this country? As a rule they are from the poorest and lowest class. Obligated to fight for their very living almost from the first day of their arrival, they are lucky if they can get anything at all to do in our cities. Many of them, moreover, come from country places where the fatherly solicitude of the parish priest was sufficient to keep them away from evil, they come by thousands from a country abounding in Catholic traditions and pious practices to the worst quarters of our large cities, to tenements

where they are crowded together because of the high cost of living. Besides, among them are to be found a certain number who in Italy would hardly be allowed by the police to go about freely. Compared with the others, although much in the minority, they are far more conspicuous. They are bad people such as are found in the lower strata of every community. Secondly, our immigrants come to a country where an unknown and difficult language is spoken, where the ideas and the ways of the people are widely different from those to which from their childhood they have been accustomed. They live among people who but too frequently despise them. The Italian immigrant hears himself called opprobrious names by persons whom he has never offended and toward whom he feels inclined to be kind in spite of all the injuries heaped upon him. As Archbishop Glennon says: "He is greeted with terms of contempt and forced to seek shelter with his countrymen in the poorest quarters. He does not speak the language of America, therefore, he is uneducated; he is rude of appearance, therefore he must be an anarchist."

The Italian immigrant, moreover, comes among people full of life and energy, and he thinks his best recommendation to them is a fair knowledge of the English language and a large amount of the "mighty dollar." He comes to a country that prides itself on its freedom and on its progressive principles, a kind of freedom and a code of principles he may have heard often condemned at home. He comes without a priest; not rarely he has not a church in which to worship God. He has not the means of building one and, besides, in a short time he will return to Italy where the friendly parish priest to whom he has promised a sum of money for a statue or for an altar or, maybe, for a charitable institution, is already anxiously awaiting him. For the Italian immigrant does not as a rule intend to make his home in the United States. His object is merely to work for a time in order that the higher wages he earns in this country may enable him to pay off his debts or to give a dowry to his daughters, or to make his future life in his dear old place comfortable and happy. Such being their ideas, such their desire for money, and such their resolution, often carried out, of leaving the country as soon as possible, can the immigrants welcome the priest, even if they find one to take care of them, who needs and requests money for the Church, for the school, for the rectory, for the club, especially as they are unaccustomed to support the Church? Often, however, and this happened especially in the first decades of the Italian immigration, they do not find any priest to work among them. As a consequence, influenced by their surroundings, misunderstanding the spirit of the country where they live, they begin to feel a certain freedom in religious practices even though they may keep the Faith in their hearts. History repeats itself, they say: many of other nationalities have lost the Catholic Faith in the first or second generation for want of priests, and the Italians are not an exception to the rule.

Since these are the conditions of Italians in this country, do AMERICA's readers think it fair to make them a basis of judgment for the 35,000,000 Italians in Italy? What would the honest, industrious Americans think if they saw themselves despised and hated, as they are, in some Latin American republics, because they are judged there according to the standard set by a comparatively few insolent Americans, who would hardly be tolerated in this country and who disgrace their fellow-citizens abroad and at home? It is the same with the Italians except to a stronger degree. A comparatively limited number of them are bad, the rest are good, honest, law-abiding citizens, who are laboring under extremely hard circumstances. The names of the bad ones travel all over the country, the others are ignored or con-

fused with the former; and so they are entirely misunderstood, they are trodden down even by people who should rather extend to them a helping hand and make life easier for them by drying their tears, by making them feel at home in this grand country, among men of all races and creeds and especially among their fellow Catholics. And yet in spite of the odds that the Italians have to face in this country, only a few of which I have pointed out, are they after all as bad as my opponents make them out to be, and perhaps many people are inclined to believe them? I reserve my answer to this question for another letter.

Woodstock, Md.

JOSEPH M. SORRENTINO, S.J.

Filling the Gap

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In this, your hour of dire distress and pitiable need, allow me to hasten to fill up the gap in your subscription list about to be made by Francis Emmerich. I presume that he is a competent judge of his own powers of discernment, but if he can see no difference between AMERICA and the *Menace* he is pretty badly off. Perhaps it will be some consolation to him to know that I am jumping into the breach and taking his place.

Monmouth, Ill.

JOHN J. RYAN.

Help for Mexico

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In response to your recent appeal for help for the priests and nuns who are suffering from the effects of the war in Mexico, I wish to ask if it would not be possible to raise a subscription through your columns, and to ask you to act as treasurer. If you approve of this suggestion, I take great pleasure in sending you ten dollars to start the subscription, and I offer it with an earnest prayer that it may be accepted for this purpose, and that many may respond to your appeal. It is natural that the whole world should turn at present to the terrible need in Europe; but there is danger of our forgetting in America that an equally unholy war in the suffering country so near us, has left great need in its train. While answering the cry that comes to us across the sea, we may not be able to do all that we wish for those at home, but can not each one of us do a little?

Windsor, Vt.

A. S. EVARTS.

Indifference is Impossible

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Your recent number of the *Catholic Mind* on the Mexican atrocities has just come to me. Is it possible that such inhuman barbarities can be perpetrated on Catholic Sisters at our very doors and Catholics remain indifferent? I am going to ask you to send at my expense a copy of this pamphlet to every priest of our diocese of Boston. If Boston, true to her traditions, feels it a duty to protest against such persecutions as have been practised on the Jews of Russia, surely the Catholics of this city under their watchful and public-spirited leaders will find a voice to cry out against these heinous cruelties perpetrated on the defenceless women who have so completely consecrated their lives to the love of God and their neighbor. And if they do not cry out, who will? As Joseph Smith, a non-Catholic writer, commenting on the disgraceful supineness of Catholics in the face of the filthy *Menace* situation, says in a Boston paper with more force than elegance, the Catholics with their millions in number in this country ought to be able to enforce respect and fair play, provided they have spines under their

shirts and not rubber tubes. And so it is to be hoped that our Boston Catholics will be able to cry out so as to be heard by all their fellow-citizens who hate injustice, not excluding such papers as the *Globe* and *Post* which do not refuse Catholic patronage. And may I ask you to send a copy also to our President and every member of his non-Catholic Cabinet? Ignorance may be the reason for their support of these perpetrators of barbarities; it is difficult to see other excuse. I take it AMERICA is ready to stand behind all charges contained in this pamphlet. And may I offer a suggestion? As it is sometimes asserted that partisan politics on the part of Catholics is the cause of their being persecuted by the Carranza-Villa cabal, open your columns to the American representative of that régime and challenge them to prove it.

BOSTONIAN.

Reparation for the Outrages in Mexico

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have been thinking of the horrible sacrileges committed in Mexico against the Blessed Sacrament, and of our share in the matter, and it has occurred to me that we Catholics of the United States ought to make public atonement by a public Communion of Reparation and Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. If we are powerless to do more, let us at least make amends as best we can.

Sparta, Wis.

A PASTOR.

"Lest We Forget!"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The news received in our country all passes through England, and much of it comes from official France. Never, I think, in all the history of the world have such hideous calumnies been repeated and credited as the falsehoods told by French atheists in order to inflame not only their own nation, but every other nation on earth with hatred and frenzy against Germany. These men who deny God and His commandments, who make light of affronting Him, of bearing false witness, recently appalled the whole world by announcing that their Cathedral of Reims had been deliberately destroyed by the German "Huns," and lay prostrate, "a heap of smoking ashes." The injury to the cathedral has since been fully explained, and is reparable. The defacement of this same cathedral by the enemies of God during and after the French Revolution has been for years undergoing repairs, and has been evident to all travelers, as well as to the French people, who have gazed at the sacred places. Every other beautiful church in France, was more or less mutilated, not by the fortunes of war, but by blind hatred of God, the same mainspring of evil action which animates Poincaré and Viviani to-day, and all the rest who have hacked and mutilated the school books of French children, erasing every mention of God and prayer. Curiously enough, too, in this connection, I may mention that Bruno's history of France for children, in use in the French schools for more than thirty years, was "revised" in 1905, and not only every allusion to religion eliminated, but a full-page illustration of the Cathedral of Reims was suppressed—a map being substituted—and, also of course, all allusion to it and to the Catholic kings of France.

The atheists try to keep from the eyes of little children even a picture of a church of Christ, of a temple of God. And yet these same men are calling the world to witness the "vandalism" of Germany, and its malicious and "systematic" destruction of a "sacred edifice"! Let us remember that neither in the Cathedral of Reims nor in any other church, whether it be magnificent or humble as the stable of Bethlehem, have French officers been allowed to attend Mass:

nor have other functionaries of the Government, under pain of disgrace or dismissal. All these and other infamous laws seem to have fallen silent during the war frenzy which appears to have animated even French Catholics, to judge from the awful things that they say and write against the Germans, and the Emperor, with more hatred of their neighbors Catholic and Protestant than love of God. They actually call the French army the "Army of Christendom"; that army into which the French "Grand Orient" has invited all the Freemasons of Italy, if they fail in an attempt to overcome Italian neutrality. From a Catholic point of view France seems to be in a very pandemonium. All the persecutions and tyranny, the exile and death of innocent nuns, the killing of faith in the souls of children, seem to be forgotten. French Catholics who never united (as Leo XIII counselled wisely) to prevent the Republic from committing such outrages, have now arisen as one man to crush Germany and recapture Alsace, which would mean practically to put that province under the tyranny of a government which would immediately exile the religious Orders, steal the churches and establish godless schools.

To an outsider watching events and knowing facts, such a frenzy of race-hatred seems incredible, and the clever infidels are playing their game, exciting evil passions by calumnies and manifold devices of Satan, laughing in their sleeves all the while at having cunningly brought the French Catholics "to heel," and forced priests to kill their neighbors, but never once swerving from their own fixed purpose to "kill God"!

The Government allowed some Catholics to sing and pray last month before Notre Dame (the *Matin* called it "a lot of old women brandishing the cross"), but two weeks ago, when a paper was presented to Viviani, signed by 180,000 Catholics, asking for a day of national prayer to be appointed for France by the Government, he scoffingly denied the request, saying that it would affront French "public opinion"! Years ago Bishop Bougaud, of Laval, in his remarkable book, "L'Eglise et le siècle," deplored the fact that "France is the only great nation that does not pray"! What will be the outcome of these horrors? God only knows, and the future is safe in His hands. All Catholics everywhere must pray for the Catholic Church in France, not for the French Church, *l'Eglise Gallicane*, that it may become as it was in the past, the Church which produced saints, it mattered not of what rank; kings, noblemen, peasants, all were equal before God; all were united in one Lord, one faith, one baptism. This splendid faith caused France to be justly called the *filie ainee de l'Eglise*. May she come back as a nation to her Mother, whether it be through defeat or through victory, through happiness or through adversity! Catholics of every race can unite with her, praying to God, "Thy Kingdom come," hoping for the triumph of the Holy Catholic Church throughout the world, that great and undivided army with one Divine Leader, and ardently desiring the downfall and confusion of the enemies of God in every land.

Lucerne, Oct. 9.

A CATHOLIC AMERICAN.

Dispassionate Readers

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am very much surprised that any of your readers should take umbrage at anything contained in your "Chronicle," concerning the present war in Europe. I have been intensely interested in the conflict, have read AMERICA faithfully, and was quite unaware that you displayed any bias in what you printed. It never entered my mind that you were striving to set yourself up as the first or the last authority on things relating to this European struggle or that you aimed to con-

vert anybody to the point of view of the "Chronicle." In fact the point of view was so often in the plural number that I can not conceive how any one should imagine you to be making or trying to make a single point to the exclusion of others. All I expect of you is that you will continue to give the "Chronicle" as heretofore and let your readers draw conclusions to suit themselves. Dispassionate readers know full well that though you endeavor to be all things to all men, you can scarcely hope to be anything to some men. If you succeed in pleasing the majority of your subscribers, you will be eminently fortunate. At any rate, state matters as they appear to you and I have no doubt that you will give satisfaction to the unbiased portion of your clients.

Hopkinsville, Ky.

J. P. W.

Germany's Bearing in the War

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have just read an article by H. C. Watts, in your issue of October 31, in which the Protestant Reformation and the philosophy of Kant are blamed for the cruel arrogance and cynical brutality of the German Government in this war. What of Austria? Austria is the only great power left in Europe that is wedded, body and soul, to the Roman Church. And it was Austria that precipitated this deluge of blood. The name Austria does not appear in your writer's contribution.

I do not know who Mr. Watts is; but I have followed AMERICA for some time, and believe your effort is to be fair. Here is your chance.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A. L. H.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am not quite clear as to what your correspondent means. If he is of German nationality and resents any implication of "brutality and arrogance" being made against his Fatherland, that is quite proper—from his point of view. If, on the other hand, he thinks Catholic Austria is shielded at the expense of "Protestant" Germany, he is a bit wide of the mark. So far as I am aware, Austria has not made the claim to world-power that Germany has, and Germany, if Trietschke, Bernhardt and others are to be considered spokesmen, bases her greatness on the Protestant Reformation and the philosophy of Kant. It is the former of these who says:

Thus the new poetry and science became for many decades the most effectual bond of union for this dismembered people, and decided the victory of Protestantism in German life.

And continuing the same topic he says:

Germany was raised to be the home of heresy, since she developed the root-idea of the Reformation into the right of unrestricted and unprejudiced inquiry.

The effect of the Reformation has been to destroy authority in matters of religion, and to magnify private judgment. When, in addition to this, Kant's philosophy eventually and logically ended in destroying belief in things not apprehended by the senses, such as God and the supernatural, the whole centre of spiritual gravity was shifted from God to man. The very natural consequence followed that there is nothing great in the universe save man, and nothing great in man save himself; the supreme glorification of egotism. And whereas, ordinary simple man, even with the assistance of sanctifying grace, falls a long way below his Pattern; it is evident that without that grace, and denying its source or even its existence, he would be still more unlike the image in which he was made and created. The ethics of Jesus Christ, promulgated by His Church, have nothing in common with the ethics of Kant. The one is supernatural, and finds its

source in a Living and Personal God: the other is intellectual, and depends upon the validity of a syllogism.

H. C. WATTS.

Delirious Gallomania

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Enclosed, please, find a little sedative for your delirious gallomania and kindred maladies. If your editorial staff must engage a linguist to translate the German article for them—*risum teneatis amici*—I will bear all the expenses. Your editors seem to be deplorably ignorant of everything that pertains to the great Teutonic race, the torch-bearer of civilization.

Urbana, Ill.

DR. HAROLD MCCARTHY.

[German news in AMERICA is in charge of a man who knows German thoroughly. However, this should not quench the Doctor's charity. The Belgian Relief Committee would gladly accept the money.—Editor AMERICA.]

Religious Conditions of the Italians

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In response to Father Corbett's question I beg to say that my work has brought me for the last ten years in contact with a large number of priests from Maine to Savannah and as far west as Pittsburgh. The statements in my letter, for which proof has been called by Father Corbett, are the outcome of my own observation and of repeated discussion of the Italian question with priests and also bishops who were in touch with the work. I may say without exaggeration that my statements have been borne out by their almost universal testimony. I do not, however, use 99 per cent. in the exact numerical sense. What I meant and what I mean now is that the majority of Italians, especially men, are not practical, good Catholics, but are woefully deficient in the practice of their religion.

New York.

HERBERT HADLEY.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

"The quality of mercy is not strained," says Shakespeare. Evidently Mr. Herbert Hadley, your correspondent in last week's AMERICA, must have thought that he would have strained mercy to the breaking point had he been a wee bit more indulgent toward the much-misunderstood and much-maligned Italians. Certainly Mr. Hadley is acting neither nobly nor squarely when he rivets his eye on the evil and entirely overlooks the good; when he looks at our "festas," our "prostrations before the statue of the Madonna, our processions in honor of our Patron Saints" as anything but expressions of piety. Besides, what authority can Mr. Hadley's word have when compared with that of Father Sorrentino, who, as it appears from his article, has lived in Italy, and so is an eye-witness of what he asserts? Moreover, I wonder what statistics Mr. Hadley consulted before he committed himself to all those *hard* statements about the religious conditions of the Italians. He says that "99 per cent. of them stay away from Mass when they come to this country." Is this possible? No. Numbers will show that this is entirely false.

Let us consider three of the States where Italians are in very large numbers: New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. According to statistics given in the "Catholic Encyclopedia" there are in the State of New York about 700,000 Italians. If 99 per cent. of these stay away from Mass, and only 1 per cent. go, in actual figures it means that 693,000 Italians miss Mass, while 7,000 attend. According to the same encyclopedia there are in the State of New York fifty-three Italian churches. Hence, if what Mr. Hadley says is true, it follows that each church has an average attendance of 132 members. A ridiculous number indeed for all who witness

the large crowds of Italians at the many Masses in New York. During my stay in this country I have had the good fortune, or shall I call it bad fortune in this case, of having always gone to one of these churches. Not counting the children's Mass, we had five Masses for the people, *all Italians*. And I must confess that there were certainly far more than 132 present at *each* Mass. Evidently, then, Mr. Hadley did not consider the Italians of my parish when he wrote that letter. But *what* about the other fifty-two churches? Are they as well attended? Really I do not know from personal experience, but from what others tell me they are doing nobly. Moreover it should be remembered that many an Italian goes to the church nearest his own house to hear Mass, whether it be an Italian church or not. So much for New York. What about the other two States? There are about 300,000 Italians in Pennsylvania. If only 1 per cent. are church-goers, it means that the number of faithful Italians there is 3,000, while the rest are breakers of the Sabbath. In the same State there are forty-seven churches for the Italians. If only 3,000 go to church, it follows that each can count on only sixty-four Italian members. A miserable number indeed. Surely Mr. Hadley must have spoken a little too fast when he said that 99 per cent. stay away from Mass. I know that statistics do not make the pleasantest of reading, and I am loath to tire the patience of my readers by placing before their eyes a long list of numbers. But I am sure that they will not refuse to visit our Italians in New Jersey. We are 250,000 there. Of these, if we have to take Mr. Hadley's word, only 2,500 are practical Catholics. For these 2,500 Italians thirty-one churches have been built. What a prodigality for this money-loving country of ours. For it would mean about eighty-one members for each church. Of course, my data is a few years old, and the number of Italians has increased since then, but the number of churches has also increased as can be seen from the "Catholic Directory" for 1914. And so I am afraid that Mr. Hadley has been guilty of a little exaggeration. *Hard saying number one.*

Mr. Hadley makes another sweeping assertion. He says: "The Italian . . . falls an easy victim to the Protestant proselytizer." Proselytizing the Italians is a job that does not pay well at all. People say, and with good reason, that the Italian has the faith so deeply rooted in his heart, that he may become an indifferent Catholic, but a Protestant never. There are, however, proselytizing societies that try to wrest the faith from the Italian. But what success have they? With the old folk, none. With the young, very, very little. Let Mr. Hadley read Father Lynch's article on "The Religious Conditions of Italians in New York" (AMERICA, March 21, 1914, p. 558), and he will see that the statement that "the Italian . . . falls an easy victim to the Protestant proselytizer," can stand a great deal of amendment. *Hard saying number two.*

There are many more hard, very hard sayings in Mr. Hadley's letter. I might take them up one by one, and show that a more sane view can and should be taken of the religious conditions of the Italians. It is true, things might be much better. But of what nation can not the same be said? He casts a slur on our devotion to the Madonna, on our heavy candles, on our processions in honor of our patron saints. He asserts that thousands upon thousands of our boys and girls know nothing of their prayers; and that parents send their children by preference to the public schools. A great deal might be said about all these hard sayings which might tip the balance of prejudice a little more in our favor. I hope Mr. Hadley is in good faith. But I think I have said enough to show that he is grievously mistaken about the religious conditions of the Italians.

Baltimore, Md.

G. REALMUTO.

A M E R I C A

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1914.

Entered as second-class matter, April 15th, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3d, 1879.

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President, RICHARD H. TIERNEY; Secretary, JOSEPH HUSSLEIN;
Treasurer, JOHN D. WHEELER.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, POSTPAID:
United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly, \$3.00
Canada, \$3.50 Europe, \$4.00 (10s.)

Address:

THE AMERICA PRESS, 59 East 83d Street, New York City, N. Y., U. S. A.
CABLE ADDRESS: CATHREVIEW

Patriots to a Patriot

In far away Magnolia, Arkansas, there is an anti-Catholic paper called the *Liberator*. Not long since it published the following letter:

Alamo Court No. 1, Guardians of Liberty of Texas, a patriotic organization of American citizens, with Courts throughout the entire United States, which has for its purpose the maintaining of the United States Constitution, and the complete separation of church and state, desires to express to you, and other patriotic Mexicans our hearty approval of your actions and the great good and service you have and are rendering the people and the country.

We would especially commend your actions in ridding your country of the basest of human vultures, the Catholic priesthood. Whenever women are forced to secretly confess to a man who has never married and knows nothing of the sacredness of woman or of home, it is but natural for immorality to exist, and until this practice is stopped it is impossible to raise up a liberty-loving, intelligent, patriotic, moral generation.

Again assuring you of our appreciation of your invaluable worth to your country, and trusting that you may continue your good work until the people of your country are freed, indeed, from the root of the trouble, the Roman Catholic Church, in the language of the patriot, we would exclaim, "Viva Mexico by Villa."

This is interesting for two reasons. In the first place it contains almost the exact words of the wife of one of our accredited agents to Mexico. How did the "Guardians" get so accurate a version of the lady's opinion? In the second place it reveals better than anything else the ideals and moral standards of the illustrious writers. They congratulate the Mexican Constitutionals through Villa, their leader. Good! The thoughts of the illustrious Guardians run this way then: the Constitutionals brutally murdered some twenty priests: we, the Guardians of Liberty, rejoice in the deed of blood and congratulate Villa on it; the Constitutionals tortured priests in most savage style: we, the Guardians of Liberty, are glad of it, and bespeak our joy to Villa; the

Constitutionalists profaned and pillaged churches, desecrated altars and sacred vessels, indulged in unspeakable orgies in chapels and convents: we, the Guardians of Liberty, find pleasure in this and would have Villa know it; the Constitutionals ravished nuns, drove some mad by their brutality, pursued others across housetops, whence the poor creatures flung themselves to the streets below to escape shame: we, the Guardians of Liberty, approve of it, our hearts leap with joy over it, we hail Villa for it; the Constitutionals blasphemed God, in one instance publicly and brutally denying His very existence: we, the Guardians of Liberty, find pleasure in this, and salute Villa for it; the Constitutionals in a frenzy of hatred and lust, violated laws human and divine: we, the Guardians of Liberty, approve of it. Why not? It is a blow at the Catholic Church. Such is the attitude of our illustrious patriots, citizens of a land discovered and largely colonized by Catholics. Their program is not yet complete. They have yet to invite Villa into their noble company. He may refuse to make the descent.

Then there will be one other creature left to receive the congratulations of the Guardians. His name is Satan: his home is hell. But perhaps later on Satan, in virtue of his office, will greet the Guardians.

Delicacy of Conscience

A good conscience is an inestimable treasure, a pearl without price. It is easy to stain it and almost as easy to spoil it. For, deny it as we may, every faculty of the soul takes color from environment and deteriorates under abuse.

These are the reasons that send men of letters back to ancient Greece and artists back to medieval Rome. Those who love art and letters cross the centuries to sit at the feet of the masters; they will not take their standards from the little men about them, they will not drink except from the wells that are undefiled.

Why should it be otherwise with Catholics in the matter of delicacy of conscience? Why should they be willing to accept their standard of morality from a godless world? Have they no Masters in Israel to whom they may have recourse in order to keep their judgment sound on matters that are vital for their supernatural life? Are they less concerned about moral principles than the painter about color schemes, perspective and light and shade? Or do they think that they are exempt from the tendency of all life to yield, to conform, to take up with the ways that suit a particular environment and make life easy? Surely better is expected of them. It cost Christ so much to teach us the truth that we should be jealous of its purity. It cost our forbears so much to keep it intact, that we should be watchful lest we lose even the slightest portion of it. It is a precious heritage that has been vouchsafed us, this seeing the things that others have longed to see and have not seen. Much has been revealed to us that has been hidden from the worldly

wise. Are we viewing things in the white light of divine revelation, or are we forming our judgments according to the tenets of the world, the world, that is, in our Lord's sense of the word, whose teacher is the father of lies? Is our general Catholic conscience losing tone? Its purity is in the keeping of the individual. Are we safeguarding it?

Votes for Women

Ten States and one Territory have extended the franchise to women. It is quite possible that within the next quarter century the franchise will be universal. What is woman going to do with her vote? The professional promoters have a ready answer. Her entrance into public life is to effect, by degrees, the moral and social renewal of the face of the earth. Politicians will yield to statesmen; politics, to political economy. The poor will no longer be with us, and vice shall hang its ugly head. Rapine and war will cease, and you and I will find ourselves in a world where all the men are chivalrous, and all the women, good. It is very beautiful, this prophecy; beautiful as a dream. It is a dream. A transformation so radical is not within the power of ballots. Votes can elect good men, but they can not make men good. The suffragists in public conventions have grown eloquent, pathetic, on the evil effects of physical dirt, in streets, factories, homes. They have had nothing to say on the moral dirt of divorce. Race-suicide is a viler menace to home and country than child-labor. We have heard much of the latter; not a word in condemnation of a practice that is worse than murder. Not the right to vote, but the willing fulfillment of our duties to God, to one another, and to ourselves, makes homes possible, men happy, and nations great. As a political measure, the extended franchise, may or may not prove a blessing to the State. But as a means of reformation, public or private, it is at best but a poor substitute for personal religion.

China and Chicago

From China, a missionary writes an appeal for cancelled stamps. For a pound of these old stamps, he can buy a baby, sometimes two or three babies, from parents who otherwise would throw the children in the street to die. From Chicago, a fashion-editor pleads for our babies, exposed by parents equally unnatural. "Is it not possible," she asks, in her "Fashions from Paris" column, "that we mothers can dress our children decently, as well as becomingly? On the continent last year, I saw frocks so extreme, that I was hoping they would gain no popularity. But I hoped in vain." Unfortunately, old stamps can not buy our babies from these pagan parents. Style covers all sin. The plain word, "immorality," applied to dress, is a joke. A cartoonist is making a living, selling his illustrated witticisms on the improprieties of fashion

to a Sunday magazine syndicate. One recalls with a shiver, that even the pagan satirists, in the worst days of Roman corruption, were too deeply religious to consider this a "joke." They saw in it another indication of a nation rushing to destruction. Adult immorality in the matter of dress is sufficiently deplorable. Can its spread be checked if the children are taught to continue it? He is far worse than a pagan, who forgets the fine old pagan saying, that the deepest reverence is due to a child. Of the traitor Judas, Christ said that it were better had he never been born. He passed the same terrible sentence upon those who scandalize His little ones whose Angels ever look upon the face of God.

Current "Literature"

"America's greatest magazine" is the modest way that a certain monthly of wide circulation describes itself. Such a claim is a challenge, so let us see in what this greatness consists. Here is what those found who scanned the November issue of the magazine in question: three serial stories by authors whose fame chiefly rests on the numerous salacious novels they have written; four short-stories of which the central characters are thieves, wantons or profligates; a "theatrical" department with its usual display of women; a short paper on Egypt; a bit of prose about the war and some "ethical" verses. The last three articles described, which do not fill four of the magazine's 111 pages of reading matter and illustrations, are of some literary value, but the rest of the number's contents is either worthless or immoral. Indeed, there are several stories in the magazine that can not fail to defile, permanently, the minds and hearts of thousands of those who read it. Yet "America's greatest magazine" is probably little better or worse in this respect than a dozen other cheap monthlies of which the combined circulation runs up into the millions.

Who are the readers of all this pernicious trash? Is it possible that Catholics are numerous represented among them? Quite possible. In fact the publishers would doubtless have to record a very marked falling off in their sales, if all the Catholics in this country should suddenly stop buying and reading "America's greatest magazine" and all its near relatives. It must be owned, also, that even in Catholic circles there are men and women belonging to the class thus sketched by the reviewer of a recent "best-seller":

Clearly there is a large public which likes to open a book full of lips and bosoms, embraces that hurt, beautiful dark faces of ardent males and marvelous deep eyes of women. Also they like these things to be larded with contemptuous references to people who "trot along the worn little path of strict conventionality like a flock of herded sheep." This sort of book is received as very lawless and dashing by a large class of readers, who thereby contrive to enjoy the sensations of being wicked without any of the bother. The vicarious profligacy of respectable people who buy this sort of fiction is not a little touching. . . . These books, however, are by no means only sinful and

dashing. They are also illiterate and silly. They stupefy the mind and help in thousands of readers to degrade and blunt all sense of life's reality, all sense of the dignity and usefulness of things and words. These books are also ugly. . . . It is the hopeless vulgarity of conduct and taste which makes of this literature a power to enervate and destroy. Nothing in these books is real—not the virtue; not the wickedness; not even the "desire." It is the easy, fluid perfunctoriness of the whole thing, its vulgarity of idea, its utter lack of style, dignity, reality, and sense of real value that makes a book like this a power for mischief.

Is it at all surprising then that Catholics whose reading chiefly consists of books like those just described, and such periodicals as "America's greatest magazine," should find literary works insupportably "high-brow," biography and history "deadly dull," and Catholic books and papers lamentably lacking in "interest"?

Talking to Oneself

An ordinary man looks around and makes sure no one is present before he begins to talk to himself. He knows that talking to oneself is considered a sign of a weak mind. Yet, why should the soliloquy be excluded from the public? You may sing, you may whistle, you may tap your fingers idly or impatiently, you may play a musical instrument, but you may not let your thoughts rise above their very subdued whisper unless you are in complete privacy. "I beg pardon, did you say anything?" we may perhaps hear, and with a blush of shame at being caught talking aloud to ourselves, we hastily reply, "Nothing at all." We are afraid of being classed with the weak-minded. Why, to-day, they are excluding the soliloquy even from the stage, and when dictographs become cheaper, a man will not dare to swear even in private. The speaker will not address the sides of his taxicab with the splendid retort, the brilliant epigram and crushing argument which unhappily did not come half an hour before. The man who bumps his toe in the dark will choke his rebellious thoughts to silence. That business plan which is going to overwhelm your rivals, that anticipated exultation in the joys of the new honor you are ambitioning, can be given no expression. You may gesticulate and move your lips with the explosive vehemence of a character talking in a moving-picture but may not speak aloud, or the dictograph "will get you."

There is no special reason for sorrow over the fact that the art of speaking to oneself is disappearing. It may even be a thing to be thankful for that many a ridiculous fury kindled to vehemence by personal and private eloquence will be quenched through lack of verbal fuel. The triumphant answers to pet enemies may be less frequent because their authors have ceased rehearsing them to themselves. It is very hard to refrain from uttering to other audiences what has been so often applauded by enthusiastic self. The thought which has been allowed to utter itself in sound is not far from launching itself in act. If wickedness loses its voice, it may be so weakened as to lose the power of thinking.

Anger and fear indulge, more than contentment does, in talking to self. It is naturally hard to know the vocabulary of a language which is spoken only to one, but if we may judge by personal tendencies ninety-nine per cent. of the words uttered to oneself are not fit for polite society. The caddy who said that a golfer on a certain trying occasion had recourse to the most profane silence he ever witnessed, fortunately prevented by his presence some interesting additions to the language of intense emotion. A private explosion may indeed relieve the overcharged heart, but it may also stir up a languishing resentment to more vigorous action. Put your finger on the lips of fear when it would talk to you in private and you will probably spare yourself the painful toil of traveling over various bridges which in reality you shall never cross. Indulge in the silent satisfaction of calm and peaceful joy.

When the pagans were alone, they talked to the trees or the springs or the waves, in all of which they believed guardian spirits existed. When the poets are alone, they talk a great deal to inanimate nature, if we may believe what they put into print. Those of us who are not pagans or poets have a more consoling and comforting practice when alone, and it is guaranteed to do away with all need of talking to oneself. "Enter into thy chamber and having shut the door; pray to thy Father in secret and thy Father Who seeth in secret will repay thee."

LITERATURE

The Catholic Note in Contemporary Poetry

III

KATHARINE TYNAN-HINKSON.*

In most ways that count, Katharine Tynan-Hinkson is the very antithesis of Alice Meynell. Perhaps therein lies one secret of their long friendship. In any case, while the reticent, lily-like Englishwoman stands out as a triumph of the "artistic temperament" in spite of much domesticity, her Irish sister will be found quite incorrigibly and engagingly domestic in spite of the often-abused "temperament" just mentioned. Mrs. Hinkson has given us some ten or twelve volumes of verse, along with uncounted prose on all manner of subjects; and she has remained first, last and always, a woman and a mother. The touch of a glorified, an impassioned domesticity is upon all her pages.

I sing of children and of folks on wings,
Of faith, of love, of quiet country things;
Of death that is but lying down at night
And waking with the birds at morning light;
And of the Love of God encompassing—

So rang the sunny Introduction to her "Innocencies"; and it might well stand as *apologia* for her entire poetic work.

Katharine Tynan started life in a little Irish village of the County Dublin, and she has kept always her love of Ireland and of the green fields. But, like most people who praise and sing of country joys, she wandered off early to the big gray city where, for better or worse, the business of living has been concentrated. Her first little volume of poems, "Louise

*The third of a series of literary papers by the author of "The Poets' Chantry."

de la Vallière," full of *triste* and tender dreaming, was published in London back in 1885. Ever since she has gone on finding herself and finding life, and never losing hold upon literature.

In 1893 Katharine Tynan was married to Henry Albert Hinkson, an Irish author and barrister. The story of this happy union has very definitely colored her subsequent work. The "Lover's Breast-Knot" was confessedly its fruit, as are the child-poems which dance, and sometimes weep, in and out of the other volumes. There is a rather unusual note of tranquillity in Mrs. Hinkson's love poems, an absence of storm and stress, of passion and of mystery. They are as domestic as possible: songs of a peaceful love sitting by its own fireside, a love fulfilled and motherly, purified but not dimmed by long service, close to earth yet holding fast to the sacramental seal of heaven. "The True Marriage" might worthily have found place in Patmore's "Angel in the House"; but it needed a woman to write that tense, recent poem, "Any Wife":

Nobody knows but you and I, my dear,
And the stars, the spies of God that lean and peer,
Those nights when you and I in a narrow strait
Were under the whips of God and desolate.
In extreme pain, in uttermost agony,
We bore the cross for each other, you and I.

Even more vividly poignant, if possible, are Katharine Tynan's poems of motherhood: the "gripping" and much-discussed "Maternity," "Love Comfortless," and all the lyrics centering about the little dead son, Godfrey. The thought of the return of the dead was an early *motif* in Mrs. Hinkson's work. Sometimes it was the loving mother, "a little ghost in white," stealing back quietly "to rock a tiny cradle all in the hushed moonlight"; again, it was the child, come back joyously to the dark nursery and darker hearts left behind, with messages from "the dear God's House in the glittering air."

But in all this wistfulness there is no morbidity. Indeed, there is a peculiar nobility in Mrs. Hinkson's treatment of "our sister, the death of the body"; a quite unaffected courage and a smile all the more convincing for its unforgotten frost of tears. We need look no further than to a little lyric out of "Experiences" for illustration. It is an elemental fragment, peasant in its simplicity and directness, a song of Christian immortality with all the humanness of people living close to Mother Earth. "Planting Bulbs" she has called it:

Turning the sods and the clay,
I think on the poor, sad people
Hiding their dead away
In the churchyard, under the steeple.
All poor women and men,
Broken-hearted and weeping,
Their dead they call on in vain,
Quietly smiling and sleeping.

Friends, now listen and hear,
Give over crying and grieving,
There shall come a day and a year
When the dead shall be as the living.
There shall come a call, a footfall,
And the golden trumpeters blowing
Shall stir the dead with their call,
Bid them be rising and going.

Then in the daffodil weather
Lover shall run to lover;
Friends all trooping together;
Death and Winter be over.
Laying my bulbs in the dark,
Visions have I of hereafter.
Lip to lip, breast to breast, hark!
No more weeping, but laughter!

All along, it has been Mrs. Hinkson's gift to transmute and transfuse what ordinary people think of as ordinary things. Fain she is not of the far pilgrimage, nor the dream princess, nor the flower of the air. But looking upon the humble, universal things of life, "Sweet scents and sounds, sweet shade and sun," the travail of the "little ass of Christ," the death and birth and love and life of man, she finds all, as in Eden, "very good." And in spite of the many outside influences that have touched her sympathetic verse, in spite of the fact that her quick and constant productiveness has sometimes been betrayed into reminiscence both of herself and others, Katharine Tynan is in all her best work quite strikingly original. She has achieved a note of delicious naïveté: a tender, colloquial human note, and in the devotional pieces a note with something in it of the old medieval intimacy. This tranquil yet wondering simplicity is not a very common grace in our complex modern life. It is, withal, a very Catholic quality; the treasure of *shepherds and kings*, in the late Monsignor Benson's discerning words:

Before I tell of Thee, God's Son,
And all the sweet salvation
That Thy birth brought to laboring men,
Make me Thy little child again.
Bid me put off the years, and be
Once more in meek humility
Thy little one and wondering-eyed.
Give me their faith who stood beside
The manger that Thy cradle was.

Yea, give me their humility!

This is the poet's prayer at the beginning of her exquisite volume of "Miracle Plays," a prayer fulfilled to the letter and the spirit as well throughout its gracious pages. The whole series is in her best manner; steeped in the mysterious light, the "aching joy," the prophetic pathos which for all time to come have enveloped the years of our Lord's infancy and childhood. Katharine Tynan is no lover of abstractions in divine or human things. Her vision is translated instantly into terms of the simple and concrete. This, doubtless, is the secret of the dramatic realism and the gentle familiarity with which she invests spiritual themes. Who but herself could have given us that unique and delectable song of St. Joseph, "The Man of the House":

Joseph, honored from sea to sea,
This is your name that pleases me,
"Man of the House."
I see you rise at the dawn, and light
The fire and blow till the flame is bright.
I see you take the pitcher and carry
The deep well-water for Jesus and Mary.

There are little feet that are soft and slow,
Follow you whithersoever you go.
There's a little face at the workshop door,
A little One sits down on your floor:
Holds His hands for the shavings curled,
The soft little hands that have made the world.
Mary calls you: the meal is ready;
You swing the Child to your shoulder steady.
I see your quiet smile as you sit
And watch the little Son thrive and eat.

Joseph, honored from sea to sea,
Guard me mine own and my own roof-tree,
Man of the House!

A glorified domesticity: we end where we started, having rounded the circle. This is the note for which Mrs. Hinkson's poetry will be remembered, whether they be poems of nature, or of childhood, of man or of the good God. After all, it is not so difficult a thing for human love, having raised a mortal to the skies, to draw an angel down!

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

REVIEWS

Oddsfish! By ROBERT HUGH BENSON. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.35.

Monsignor Benson has already filled a long historical gallery with the portraits of Henry and Elizabeth and the Marys of Scotland and of England and a multitude of types and personages of their court and day. The present, and unfortunately the last of his great tableaux adds a notable extension to make room for the more difficult figures of Charles II and his luckless brother and successor and many another about whom the variations of Protestant annalists have sorely perplexed historians. In "Oddsfish!", a title suggested by the favorite expletive of Charles II, there is no perplexity. Charles and James and their moods and modes and policies, and the springs and courses and consequences of the anti-Catholic plots and the hundred moot points that vex the students of the period, are set forth in clear and persuasive sequence by Roger Mallock, an ex-Benedictine novice of gentle blood and many tongues, whom Pope Innocent XI selects to stimulate the pro-Catholic tendencies of Charles and moderate the headlong zeal of James. How, with all his cleverness and fidelity, he fails in both, and how, notwithstanding Charles' sworn pledge Titus Oates and his fellow-perjurers do to death five Jesuits and other innocent victims; and how, despite the King's sensualities and infidelities, Roger is won by Charles' charm and fundamental honesty and gains him to final penitence and reconciliation with the Church; and how he loves and loses the wilful but winsome Dorothy Jermyn and regains his Benedictine monastery in Rome, is all told, with much besides, in 460 closely printed pages that are still closer in enthralling interest.

"Oddsfish!" is a well-woven and self-sustained story that achieves its purpose by hiding it in the narrative, and also throws a new and often convincing light on historical puzzles of fascinating interest. Mgr. Benson's theme is a dark and worldly age brightened here and there by heroism. Dorothy, very human in love and loyalty, takes her place rather with Mary Corbet and Beatrice Atherton than on the high spiritual plane of Marjorie Manners and Isabel Norris, and Charles II was an unpromising choice for a hero; yet hero he is with all his sordidness, and the aged Benedictine narrator carries the reader with him in his unchanging love "of Dorothy Mary Jermyn, the least of sinners, and of Charles Stuart, the greatest of all sinners, yet a penitent one." His view of Jesuit influences on James may be questioned, but his fine delineations of the Jesuit martyrs and Jesuit character, his minute and vivid portraits of Charles and James and Oates and Stafford and many others noted and notorious, but above all the interwoven picture of the doomed and dying Church snatching victory from defeat and death and thrilling to resurgent life even in the citadel of her foes, render this book, which he just lived to finish, an enduring and most satisfying memorial of the gifted author. M. K.

Ancient Greece. By H. B. COTTERILL. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$2.50.

To treat within a volume of less than 500 pages of "Ancient Greece" from its early civilization to the rise of Macedon and to fit within this space accounts of the many-sided activities of the nation in the arts, literature and philosophy call for whatever skill an author may have in selecting and combining his materials. Mr. Cotterill, however, has acquitted himself worthily of the task he essayed. In actual amount of matter, Bury's one-volume history, while no larger, has, owing to the use of smaller type and thinner paper, double the matter in this book. Yet Mr. Cotterill's

work will give the general reader to whom it makes its appeal, a definite and by no means meagre account of "Ancient Greece."

In the discussion of the early Achaean and Cretan civilization, to which in a new work one turns expectantly, owing to the constantly increasing finds of the excavators who have followed in the footsteps of Schliemann, and among whom Sir Arthur Evans is so brilliant a figure, the author is not only full, but extremely interesting and informing. The numerous illustrations, some in color, are executed with a finish that is not the least of the volume's merits. "Ancient Greece" presents in an attractive way and in a surprisingly brief compass an adequate account of a historical period of which it is a calamity to be in ignorance, even if many have sustained that deprivation without a notable loss of health and prosperity. At the end of the volume are useful tables to assist the treacherous memory. A. P. M.

Poems. By EDWARD SANDFORD MARTIN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Mr. Martin's poems have the Horatian spirit and they aim at the Horatian flavor. Their outlook is urban with just a touch of the suburban like Flaccus's. The workmanship is considerably less perfect, and the humor more ephemeral and more hasty—incidentally also more decent—than the Roman's. In other words, Mr. Martin, as we might expect, is more American than Q. H. F. He knows his Park Row and Riverside Drive and Fourteenth Street, and is familiar with Boston and Philadelphia, and life at intermediate points, and he cultivates the quizzical, good-natured attitude toward the ups and downs, the vanities and ambitions of life where men are thickest. His fun is always good, healthy fun, and generally succeeds. The humorist has too much good taste to be irreverent. He derides hell as an ancient joke, though One, Whom Mr. Martin evidently reveres most profoundly, did not look upon it in that light. Isn't it strange that death and hell are so frequently attractive subjects for humorists? What is the psychology of it? "Has the fellow no feeling of his business that he sings at grave-making?" asks Hamlet. And Horatio replies, "Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness." Perhaps humorists feel the seriousness of these things so much that they laugh to conceal their concern. Or haply they meditate so much on death that they come to be on easy terms with it. One of the most amusing poems in this volume is that in which the poet tries to contemplate himself in the early stages of that final state in which poor Yorick is addressed by Hamlet. Here is one stanza:

I think that when the greedy worm
Began upon my brains,
I'd wish him luck, and hope he'd get
His dinner for his pains.
I'd warn him that they would be apt
With him to disagree,
For, if they fed him well, 'twere what
They seldom did for me.

The title of this very original poem is "A Mortifying Subject." On the whole this book of light verse is quite enjoyable. It is witty and deftly done, and reflects a cheerful as well as a thoughtful temper. J. J. D.

Gideon's Band. By GEORGE W. CABLE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.35.

This tale of the Mississippi has some historical value, as its author is an authority on the life and manners of the Southern States before the war. Not without interest for the reader will be the studies of conditions in the cities, some old and some just beginning, that lie along the great river's banks. Then too there are some good pages on the rivalry of boats, their owners, crews and motley human freight. The

story has to do with the first trip of the Votaress from New Orleans in the year 1852. The decks are crowded, and yet the author introduces all on board, and for five-hundred pages gives a wordy panorama of too many miles of shore and chute, island and eddy. Through it all is spun the thread of the romance of the owner's son and his rival's daughter. It is knotted, of course, and tangled, but unravelled successfully at the end. The plot, it must be confessed, is not very probable, and the characters are somewhat overdrawn. It is quite unreal that love-making and merry-making should go on while the cholera is raging and claiming victims from immigrant's deck to captain's chair, and many stops have to be made to fill shallow graves along the river. It is far more probable that panic would have ensued, putting an end to feuds, emptying decks and silencing bell and engine. "Gideon's Band" is doubtless placed first on the list of its author's works, only because it is his latest book, not his best.

J. T. B. F.

The Story of Greece. Told to Boys and Girls. By MARY MACGREGOR. With Nineteen Plates in Color by WALTER CRANE. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$2.50.

Good Stories for Great Holidays. Arranged by FRANCES JENKINS OLCOTT. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$2.00.

The Seven Champions of Christendom. Edited by F. J. HARVEY DARTON. Illustrated by NORMAN AULT. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.35.

Now that Christmas is not so far away, intending purchasers of books for children should keep in mind these three beautifully illustrated story-books. In the first Mary MacGregor has written for little readers 103 tales, mythical and authentic, from the history of Greece. She begins with stories of Pan, Persephone, Perseus, etc., and ends with the conquests of Alexander the Great. Boys and girls who open this book will hardly stop reading till they have unconsciously stored up a vast deal of useful lore about ancient Greece.

The second volume named above is a collection of stories suitable for children to hear or read on fifteen holidays ranging from New Year's Day to "Bird Day"—whatever that may be. The compiler has gathered together some 125 tales or anecdotes which teachers, parents or the children themselves can turn to when they are seeking appropriate matter for holiday observances.

How many of our readers can name "The Seven Champions of Christendom"? To most it will doubtless be news to hear that they are St. George of England, St. Denis of France, St. James of Spain, St. Anthony of Italy, St. Andrew of Scotland and St. Patrick of Ireland. These valiant knights, needless to say, have no connection whatever with the saints whose names they bear. For "St." read "Sir," and for "Christendom," "Chivalry." Richard Johnson at the end of the sixteenth century collected, wrote down and published what had long been related as stories at village firesides. Mr. Darton has now excellently adapted them for boys and girls of to-day who delight in reading about slain dragons, rescued maidens, vanquished Paynims and malignant wizards shorn of their power.

W. D.

The Home Book of Great Paintings. By ESTELLE M. HURLL. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$3.50.

It is a fact pregnant with meaning that the "great paintings" should be the work of Catholic artists exclusively, and have, for the most part, an exclusively Catholic message. This fine quarto encloses in some 800 pages fifteen pictures each of Michael Angelo, Titian, Raphael, Correggio, Van Dyck, Rembrandt and Murillo, with descriptive and biographical details of their works and lives. The paintings,

with one exception, are well chosen, and are excellently produced, and the explanatory matter, written in simple and untechnical language by one who understands technique, supplies a full and interesting story of the purpose and character of the artists and the meaning of their works. As the majority of these are altogether Catholic in inspiration, it is creditable to the writer that she has been able on the whole to enter sympathetically into the spirit of a religion to which she does not belong. Certain significant omissions in the story of the Annunciation, and occasional expressions such as "in the Middle Ages the Christian religion was a religion of fear rather than of love," betray a lack of that knowledge which gives sympathy its due proportion, especially in relation to pictures that require the understanding of faith as well as intelligence for adequate appraisal. Nevertheless the combination of story and pictures is one of the best and most inviting of the many books that unconsciously spread and popularize the wholesome message of Catholic art.

M. K.

Little Women Letters from the House of Alcott. Selected by JESSIE BOUSTELLE and MARION DE FOREST. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25.

This is a chatty little book of letters and poems and diary extracts from the hitherto jealously guarded treasures of the Alcott Home. Like a breezy and yet quaint series of genre films they make the reader intimate with Bronson Alcott, the idealist teacher and philosopher of Concord, and with his idyllic family life. His system of psychological child-study and training was quite original. The four clever daughters who owe their literary fame so largely to the careful application of their father's educational system, are brought in these letters very close to our human sympathies. Bronson Alcott's ideas on child-training are so full of common-sense that "Little Women Letters" will doubtless do their share in inoculating moderns with his old-fashioned "Orchard House" principles.

P. G. R.

Statuta Dioecesis Oklahomensis. Oklahoma City, Okla.: Printing Department of St. Joseph's Orphanage. \$7.00.

These statutes were promulgated for the diocese of Oklahoma on August 21, 1913, in the first synod held by the Right Rev. Bishop Meerschaert since the erection of that diocese. From the term "Diocesan Statutes" it would be wrong to infer that they contain only such enactments as are applicable in the diocese for which they were issued. Diocesan synods afford to bishops one of the best opportunities of securing the observance of the universal laws of the Church. Hence it is not uncommon for the ordinaries to embody in their diocesan statutes the most important among the ecclesiastical laws, especially those of recent date, and to add to them enactments providing for a prompt fulfilment of the aforesaid laws. It was with this object in view that the Right Rev. Bishop of Oklahoma drew up his diocesan statutes, as is shown by the sections on Incardination, Sacred Music, Frequent Communion, etc. These statutes, followed by several appendices and an elaborate alphabetical index, form a neatly printed volume of about 150 pages.

H. P.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Among recent books of fiction deserving of commendation are "Lord Clandonnell," by S. M. Christina (Benziger, \$0.60), the story of the passing of beautiful Castle Dysart from the hands of the bigoted Protestant Lord Clandonnell, to a Lord Clandonnell who is a Catholic priest, the whole tale involving and evolving a mystery that keeps the reader in suspense till the last page.—With "The Prophet's Wife" (Benziger, \$1.25), there is ushered into the large field of story-writers a new

author, in the person of Anna C. Browne. The adoption of orphan boys and the founding of homes for unfortunate women are some of the themes that come in for interesting treatment.—Homer Greene's book, "Handicapped, the Story of a White-Haired Boy" (Houghton, \$1.25), holds instruction, interest and a lesson for every one that reads its pages. Paul Bolton's case has parallels in the lives of many of our boys, and the account of his rapid forging ahead, despite many drawbacks, should have a wide appeal. It is a first-rate story.—"The Doers" (Houghton, \$1.00), by William John Hopkins, and "Five Birds in a Nest" (Benziger, \$0.60), by Henriette E. Delamare, are books for little folk. The first tells how a five-year-old boy watched the mason, the carpenter and other artisans working, and the second relates the adventures of a family of children whose home was on the Rhone.—"Shipmates" (Benziger, \$0.60), is the latest of Mary T. Waggam n's nice little books for Catholic boys and girls. It is the story of how "Roving Rob" was reclaimed by "Pip."

Those who have been reading with profit and pleasure during the past five months the final editorial in each number of *AMERICA* will be glad to learn that the writer, Father Francis P. Donnelly, S.J., has gathered them into a book called "Mustard Seed," which Kenedy will soon publish.

Catholic Mind for November 8 should be of particular interest to sociologists. The paper Father Richard H. Tierney read a few weeks ago at a meeting of the Illinois State Charity Organization on "The Needy Family and Institutions" begins the number. Father Blakely's articles on "Safeguarding Jim" and on "Catholic Social Workers" are reprinted from *AMERICA* and so is Father Woods' paper on "The Workingman's Home." The letter Pope Benedict XV addressed to the world concerning the great war concludes this issue of *Catholic Mind*.

For the setting of her latest novel, "The Witch" (Houghton, \$1.40), Mary Johnston has gone to the England of James I. It is a sombre tale with a tragic ending, both hero and heroine being unjustly condemned for practising witchcraft. The author has been successful in bringing vividly before us the early seventeenth century with its wide-spread belief in witches. Of course it was chiefly in Protestant countries that the delusions thrived. We seldom hear of witches in Spain. The wonderings of Joan and Aderhold bring them to America, where hospitable Indians give them a home, but England is the scene of "the witch's" doom. Miss Johnston has written books that are pleasanter reading than this.

The Fathers of the English Dominican Province are successfully continuing their translation of St. Thomas Aquinas's "Summa Theologica" (Benziger, \$2.00). The third number of Part III, embracing Questions LX-LXXXIII, is now ready. In this new volume can be read the Angelical's masterly treatises on the Sacraments in general and on Baptism, Confirmation and the Holy Eucharist in particular. The 200 pages devoted to the Blessed Sacrament show us the great Doctor at his best. No one has written on that lofty theme with more learning and lucidity. Those to whom the Latin "Summa" is a closed book may here read this beautiful treatise in English.

Regarding the statement in our review of "The True Ulysses S. Grant" three weeks ago, that the author was a Westerner and volunteer and showed slight regard for Eastern generals, and "the perfect West Pointer," a correspondent correctly states that General King is a native of New York, a graduate of the United States Military Academy, and

served in the regular army, 1866-1879. His services, however, was chiefly in the West, where, after his retirement from the regular army, he became Instructor and Brigadier-General of Wisconsin Volunteers, 1882-1899, and Superintendent of the Michigan Military Academy, 1901. Whether this influenced him or not, the proclivities noted are manifest in his otherwise excellent biography.

The fortune of a good magazine, especially a Catholic one, lies in the taste and capacity of its readers; and we fear that in this respect *Studies*, an Irish Quarterly Review of Letters, Philosophy and Science (Educational Company of Ireland, Dublin, \$3.00 yearly) has not had so far the good fortune it deserves. Besides literary and historic articles in the present number by Dr. Barry and Professors O'Neill and Boylan, each an expert in his sphere, and accounts of Louvain, Catholic reform in German theatres, Belgian primary education, the electron theory of matter, and the varied output of current thought in some fifty pages of reviews, there are remarkable articles by Sir Bertram Windle on the age of man as attested by geology; by Father Connolly, on Carl Lueger; by Professor Rahilly, who throws a new light on Roger Bacon, and several fine poems, notably by Rev. R. Kane, S.J., and Katharine Tynan. *Studies* is an "up-to-date" record of Catholic literary and scientific achievement and a convincing corrective of what is heterodox in every department of modern thought.

Cecil Chesterton, G. K. Chesterton's younger brother, who, unlike G. K. C. (who still remains entangled in the meshes of some brand of the "Higher Anglicanism"), became a Catholic some two or three years ago, is coming to America to lecture early next January under the management of William J. Feakins. Mr. Chesterton is at present the editor of the *New Witness*, a weekly paper originally started by Hilaire Belloc for the purpose of attacking modern fads and fancies such as Socialism, eugenics, vegetarianism, etc. He was the co-author with Hilaire Belloc of the famous "Party System," a book on English political life which attracted so much attention in Great Britain two years ago. Mr. Chesterton is now writing a volume on the war which will appear shortly in this country under the title: "The Prussian Hath Said in His Heart." He will lecture on: "Catholicism and Democracy," "Socialism and the Servile State," "Woman Suffrage and the Family," "The Return to Medievalism," "George Bernard Shaw, Heretic," "Dickens and the English Democracy," "Byron, Shelley and the Revolution," "New Forces in English Literature," "The Decline of the English Parliament," "The Jewish Problem," etc., etc.

Miss Katherine Brégy, whose discerning papers on "The Catholic Note in Contemporary Poetry" our readers are enjoying, contributes to the current *Catholic World* an excellent "Interpretation" of Ernest Dowson. She thus assigns him his place in English literature:

In the eternal justice of things, Dowson must go down to history as a literary decadent. Never as a literary degenerate—that would be a cruel and false arraignment! Decadent art is not yet corrupt or corrupting. It is a tired art, pale or feverish: too tired to work its fine dreams into any approach toward a fine reality; too tired to fight, to reconcile inconsistencies, to pierce through the obvious smoke of conflict that it may, in Francis Thompson's fine words, "see and restore the divine idea of things." But none the less, it has its moods of beauty. If it be art at all, it captures something of the multitudinous vision and experience of man! In Ernest Dowson's work the memorable moods, the moods most perfectly and poignantly expressed, are delicacy and disenchantment. They are not the robust or heroic virtues of literature: none the less we take them for such as they are.

Another noteworthy paper in the November *Catholic World* is Father R. A. Maher's account of the failure of "Protestantism in Cuba."

BOOKS RECEIVED

- D. Appleton Co., New York:**
The Hidden Children. By Robert W. Chambers. \$1.40.
- Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:**
The Wonderful Romance. By Pierre de Coulevain. \$1.85; The Charm of Ireland. By Burton E. Stevenson. \$2.50.
- George H. Doran Co., New York:**
From Dublin to Chicago. By G. A. Birmingham. \$1.50.
- Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City:**
Early American Churches. By Aymar Embury. \$2.80; The Pastor's Wife. By the Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." \$1.35; Freckles. By Gene Stratton-Porter. \$1.50.
- Harp-r & Brothers, New York:**
The Sunny Side of Diplomatic Life. By L. de Hegermann-Lindencrone. \$2.00.
- Henry Holt & Co., New York:**
Belshazzar Court. By Simeon Strunsky. \$1.25; The Changing Drama. By Archibald Henderson. \$1.50.
- Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:**
Meditations on Votes for Women. By Samuel McChord Crothers. \$1.00; Good Stories for Great Holidays. By Frances Jenkins Olcott. \$2.00; Vocations for Girls. By Mary A. Leslie and Katherine Wiley. \$0.85.
- Mitchell Kennerley, New York:**
The Great War. By Frank H. Simonds. \$1.25.
- John Lane Co., New York:**
The Need of Change. By Julian Street. \$0.50.
- G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:**
A Woman's Career. By Myrtle Reed. \$0.75.
- Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:**
Half Hours. By J. M. Barrie. \$1.25.

EDUCATION

Salvation by Knowledge

It is an interesting phenomenon in the history of the human intellect to observe how one age resembles another. History repeats itself, not indeed in incidental details, but in its great outline, and in its tendency and direction. Certain basic facts may be noticed from century to century, which make us realize the force of the ancient adage that there is nothing ever new.

Take but one instance of many that might be adduced to substantiate this statement. Gnosticism was the name given to a sect of heretics in the early ages of the Church. The name itself is derived from the Greek *gnosis*, which means knowledge, and it gives the keynote of their fallacy. They claimed that salvation was insured by their superior knowledge: the more they knew, the easier and the more certain their salvation. Hence salvation was impossible for the ignorant. There were many by-paths to their heresy, but taking it in the large, such was the substratum of their doctrine.

THE NEW GNOSTICISM

If we leap in thought over the intervening centuries to the present day, we shall be amazed at the evidence of Gnosticism we see all about us. Look, for example, at the modern craze for education. Every city, town, village and hamlet must have its public library. It does not matter much what kind of books are crowded within its walls. So long as they are books, they are supposed to be the instruments of knowledge, and knowledge is the one supreme blessing for the world. Quantity is required, not quality. Read, read, read, and you will become educated, is the twentieth century watchword. Salvation cometh by education. That the population of our cities spends its time reading the "six best-sellers," dealing largely with matters of sex, excites no fears in the heads of the managers of our large public libraries; neither does the fact that their shelves are groaning under the weight of hundreds of thousands of books that

should never have seen the light of day. But the people must be saved, and salvation comes by reading, and reading great quantities of books is nowadays looked upon as education. We have a supreme contempt for the so-called Dark Ages. How could any one be educated in the thirteenth century, for instance, when there were no steel, fire-proof book-stacks, and the linotype had not yet been invented?

But this is not all. So great a thing is salvation, that whole populations must be saved, even in spite of themselves. Children must be hurried into school, even at a tender age, to prepare for salvation. Hence our Kindergartens, and our Montessori Houses of Childhood. And then they must, by force of law, remain in school for a stated number of days, weeks and years, for a stern officer of the State seeks out truants, and forces salvation into the recalcitrant brains of stragglers. All men must be saved; salvation comes by education; therefore all men must be educated. This is the syllogism of the rising generation, and the entire population must go through the processes of what is to-day fondly looked upon as genuine education. Nor is there to be any escape. There must be free books, and free lunches, and free transportation to and from school, and, some day, free clothes. Shall not salvation be free?

IGNORANCE THE ONLY CRIME

Hence the contempt now everywhere manifested for ignorance and the ignorant; hence our vacation schools, our continuation schools, our evening schools, our University Extension lectures, our schools for everything under the sun. Thus, too, our insatiable desire to learn everything at once. In former ages, the human mind was allowed to grow and develop by degrees, along normal lines, just like a flower. But salvation must not be delayed. We must be educated over night, in twenty lessons without a master. We must be taught twenty different things, passively, joyously, without effort, by the aid of moving pictures, and our teachers must do the work for us, for we are fast losing the power to think for ourselves. Thus the crowded curriculum is overflowing with fads, interspersed with play, and dominated by ring-around-the-rosy methods, and scarcely half the day can be given over to the real work of mental training.

There can be no religion without a god. The god of the new gnosticism in education. For the One True God of our fathers there is no room in the modern educational institution. We worship at the shrine of education. We sacrifice fabulous sums year after year on the altar of knowledge, without a murmur of protest, because we are seeking salvation, and salvation is cheap at any price. Ignorance, consequently, is the only crime in the eyes of many modern educators. Only the illiterate and the uneducated are thieves and liars and adulterers; only the ignorant are corrupt and sinful. If people were only educated, they would *ipso facto* be good citizens, paragons of virtue.

Nor is this all. Just as the rising generation must be educated in order to be saved, so also the generation just risen must be saved. To carry on this grand work of regeneration, we have produced a new species known as the professional uplifter. Always unmarried is the uplifter, nearly always a woman, and invariably drawing a large salary at the expense of the city, county, State or nation, or of some heavily-endowed, self-constituted charitable agency, with an insatiable propensity for investigating.

GOVERNMENT BY "EXPERTS"

And then the thirst for salvation goes still further. Only the educated are competent to lead and guide and govern us, and a college or university degree is now required in many places in order to gain an entrance into public life. We are largely turning over the functions of government to "experts." This is the name which they assume. They dominate our school boards, our municipal activities, our charitable enterprises, our governmental

energies. These experts all draw large salaries, and they manifest a monumental arrogance toward those whom they think are not as highly specialized as themselves. Does this seem exaggerated? If it does then your fortunate experience has been that you have never met a typical "expert."

Strong lights cast dark shadows. It is a question if we are really as highly educated in this twentieth century as we imagine we are. It is not such a far cry after all from the Gnostics of the third century to the Gnostics of the twentieth century. Let us have education, by all means. The more we have of it the better. That is what the human mind is made for. But let us have real education, not heresy sailing under an assumed name.

THOMAS F. COAKLEY, D.D.

SOCIOLOGY

The Modern School of Philanthropy

Seven miles to the north of the most congested sweatshop district in the world, in the academic quiet that hangs over Columbia University, Mrs. Florence Kelley is lecturing on the sociological aspects of modern trade and industry. She is telling her class that modern industry is a menace to the family, to public health, to education and to morality. She has no difficulty in proving her thesis. She has seen with her own eyes the things she tells of. She has lived with the workers, has striven to help them in their struggle against oppression, has noted the change that has come over their class in the last quarter century. The older ideal of home, she says, meant a breadwinner, the father, and a mother who was a homemaker. It connoted children, carefully trained at home, in school, and at church, for this world and the next. This ideal home is rapidly disappearing from our manufacturing centres, and society, apparently, does not count itself the poorer for the loss. Vast numbers of men never form families, because they fear the drain upon small incomes, made insecure by the precarious nature of their occupation. Women have entered, or have been forced into, industrial and commercial life, to engage, many of them, in a health-breaking toil which tends to unfit them for marriage and its responsibilities. We see no danger in the ominous fact that thousands of young girls are employed by night, in factories, in hotels, laundries, telegraph and telephone offices. These workers are free agents before the law, voluntarily contracting to sell their labor for a price. The freedom to make contracts, even though harm result to the general social welfare, must not be restricted. The law allows it and the court doth give it.

BREAKING UP THE HOME

The withdrawal from the home, not only of mothers and daughters, but of the children as well, is made possible by the resources and demands of modern industry. Literally millions of American children, growing boys and girls, are thus exposed to the physical and moral dangers of street-trades, and to the degrading environments of mill and factory life. New York city alone annually issues working papers to more than forty thousand children under sixteen years of age; and in comparison with the statutes which legalize child-slavery in many American communities, the labor laws of that city are the most perfect flowering of all that is desirable in social legislation. Mrs. Kelley suggests that our grandchildren will recall with horror that, because of political or incompetent school-boards, an almost incredible number of city children are at school on a part-time schedule. Possibly; but posterity's horror may well deepen when it recalls that in this year of grace, 1914, eighteen million children were growing up in schools in which the name of Jesus Christ, unless it were mentioned as the designation of an historical personage, like Socrates, Buddha or Confucius, was anathema to the law. Surely, this is not training children to those virtues

which alone make home-life possible. In dangerous trades, and through industrial accidents, either preventable or unavoidable, which kill or cripple breadwinners, thousands of homes are annually broken up. The meagre income of these workers, barely allowing them to live, has precluded the possibility of leaving a penny for the support of the bereft family. The common result is, that the mother goes to work at some under-paid job. After a struggle, the children are parcelled out to State and private institutions. Of these refuges, about ten per cent. will endeavor to fit the child to make his way in the world, by reproducing, as far as possible, normal home conditions. The other ninety per cent., unwittingly perhaps, and unwillingly we gladly concede, help to form mere wrecks and fragments, mere flotsam and jetsam tossing on the waves of the social sea.

PROFESSIONAL PHILANTHROPY

What are we going to do about it? We have been besieged by commissions and reports, tabulations and statistics, flashlight photographs and social exhibits, until some of us have awakened to the truth that "something ought to be done" to prevent modern industrial conditions from becoming greater sources of danger to the physical and moral well-being of the community. Meeting the realization that the study of social maladies is quite as necessary as researches in cattle diseases, maintained by Government bureaus, the modern school of philanthropy has come into being.

The school of philanthropy is worthy of praise, first for the investigations which it has conducted, and next for its work in awakening public opinion to the gravity of evils connected with modern industries. Its suggestions for remedial measures have been incorporated, from time to time, in excellent laws. But nothing more can be said in commendation of the school of philanthropy, as it exists outside the influence of the Catholic Church. It is false in its underlying principle that man is not made for a supernatural end. It is false in its plan of social betterment, which excludes supernatural religion as the first means of improvement, without which all others are but temporary, superficial or pernicious. Men, women, children, made in God's own image, are, in its estimation, so many economic or social factors, with certain physical and psychic differentiations, but nothing more. Christianity may or may not be, according to circumstances, a factor of value in life. Normally, religion is an æsthetic, a spiritual, an uplifting influence, like a love for music or painting, or the refining atmosphere of a cultured home, or the strong motive which dominates a man bent on achieving material success. But it is nothing more. It is certainly nothing for which a man should sacrifice comfort, ease or life itself.

A MENACE, NOT A REMEDY

This materialistic philosophy identifies man's perfection with economic independence. It aims to make man happy and virtuous by making him healthy and wealthy. But it is foredoomed to failure even in the narrow sphere of activity to which it restricts itself. Ruling God out of His world and the hearts He has made, it is, in effect though not in purpose, a menace to right living. Picture the ideal order which it proposes to establish. Every man sits under his own fig tree, assured of a suitable income, secure in the thought that his family is provided for in case of his death. Not only are his reasonable wants supplied, but the changed face of the economic world allows him a modest degree of luxury. But there is nothing supernatural, either in his heart, or in the heart of the community. Social legislation, good fellowship, supply the place of religion.

Will content or virtue be affected by this ideal order in which material prosperity is assured to all?

The question is ridiculous. All philosophy, all literature, our own observation, combine to teach that man's wants increase in

proportion to his possessions. Recent studies in the cost of living indicate that as the family income increases, the family finds new wants, hitherto deemed wholly unnecessary. A married man whose weekly wage is \$8.00 does not dream of buying an automobile or a grand piano. Increase his stipend tenfold, and he begins to think the purchase feasible. Man's wants are as the daughters of the horse-leech. Furthermore, it is absolutely untrue that there exists a relation of cause and effect, or even of occasion, between material prosperity and good morals. In fact, it does not seem an exaggeration to say that, as a rule, the more prosperous man is in this world, the weaker is his desire for the better things of the world to come. His heart is with his treasure; and his treasure is the root of evil.

THE CATHOLIC VIEW

To the Catholic mind, the theory and practice of the modern school of philanthropy is nothing short of abominable. In their recent book on the juvenile court, Flexner and Baldwin furnish an excellent example in point. The authors complain of the tendency to consult for the welfare of the delinquent or neglected child on the primary ground of the child's membership in some religious sect. It is quite possible that in many Catholic families where poverty and dirt are supreme, the unfortunate child may never learn the excellence of a bath, or the value of knowing how to read and write. It may be undeniable, on the other hand, that in institutions from which the religion of Christ is absolutely barred, he will soon be taught to take his tub nicely, to read and write and cipher with precision and dispatch. But if we are forced to choose, we hold that it is infinitely better to deprive a child of his bath rather than of the Sacraments; better far that he remain forever blind to all that is beautiful in literature, art, and the refinements of society, than that he lose his passport to heaven, his Faith. We must take more care of our souls than of our bodies, the Catechism teaches. We must take care of our bodies, our minds, our material prospects; these are the only factors of right living which we know with certainty, says the modern school of philanthropy. Moreover, poverty, sickness, dirt and ignorance are a bar to joyousness in life. But they are no bar to the enjoyment of eternal life, Catholic philanthropy avers. "This is life eternal, that they know Thee, the one true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." If men can be taught to save their souls, all else, in comparison, is of no importance whatever.

Yet Catholic philanthropy is fully alive to the preventable evils which flourish in every form of human activity. It is ready to use all proper means to make the world a better place in which to live. It recognizes that man has a body as well as a soul, that poverty in itself is not a virtue, that dirt may be the result of sin, that joy and happiness, and reasonable comfort, far from hindering, may well help man to attain the end for which God made him. But it will have no part in any scheme for social betterment which refuses to recognize that God, and not material prosperity, is man's last end.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

"We need more legislation to help the babies, and less to help the hogs," said Dr. J. N. Hurty at a recent state convention of nurses. Dr. Hurty asserts that 20 per cent. of all the babies born in America, die before they are one year old, and that twenty per cent. more do not live five years. If the little dears need more legislation to help them over life's hard places, by all means let each nursery in the country be equipped with a complete set of the Revised Statutes. But perhaps what is needed is not more legislation, but better legislation, and a large and generous reform at home. Senator Root says that we make altogether too many laws.

From 1909 to 1913 inclusive, national and State legislatures passed 62,014 statutes. During the same period, 63,379 decisions of national and State courts of last resort were reported in 630 nicely-bound volumes. Plainly, it would seem to be wiser to give over passing foolish laws, and to begin to teach the children, even in the sacrosanct public schools, a little more religion.

Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew, "John Ayscough," with two other Catholic chaplains, has been "mentioned in the dispatches," by General French. The bravery and devotion of the clergy, chaplains, officers and privates, has been noted in every army now engaged at the front. A French colonel recently said the cheerfulness, ready obedience, and spirit of sacrifice, displayed by the priests in the ranks, more than doubled the strength of his command. Meanwhile Viviani and the skulkers at home, represented by such papers as the *Paris Matin*, continue unblushingly their measures of hostility against religion. One wonders if, in the days of peace, the Catholics of France can nerve themselves to send these rascals packing.

One may be sure that whatever ex-President Taft may say in public will be wisely said. He thus comments upon certain proposed radical changes in the country's fundamental law:

It seems to me that what we need to-day is more reverence and respect for law and order, and less hysterical clamor for more law and a new order which leads no one knows where.

Well may Mr. Taft question the prevalent American tendency to use the agency of law to correct evils, springing from a source which the law can not reach. "Freak" laws only aggravate untoward conditions, and even the wisest ordinance is frustrated in a community where reverence for rightly constituted authority is a forgotten virtue.

"No one can despair of France," writes the *Month*, "with the 1913 figures of the Propagation of the Faith before his eyes." It is from France that the largest proportion of foreign missionaries is drawn, and out of her poverty the Church in France contributed last year over six hundred thousand dollars for the missions. Next in order, come the United States and Germany with Alsace-Lorraine, with respective alms of three hundred and eighty thousand and one hundred and ninety thousand dollars. One is rather surprised to note that between them, Catholic Italy and Spain contributed but ninety-four thousand dollars. England and Ireland could furnish but sixty thousand dollars, forty thousand of which were given by poverty-stricken Ireland. Commenting on England's small offering, the *Month* remarks that "our people have yet to learn as a matter of experience that one does not lose by lending to the Lord." This is doubtless true, but no one knows better than the *Month* the poverty of English Catholics, and the pressing calls for alms at home.

Through the medium of the daily press, a New York Episcopalian church offers a very attractive program to the tired church-goer. As this particular Protestant church does not countenance the Mass, the morning service will be a sermon by the minister. At 4 P. M. Gaul's "Holy City" will be rendered by a special choir, and at 8, there will be a "Symposium on the Ethical Aims of the Political Parties," conducted by a Democrat, a Republican, a Progressive and a Socialist. Not to be outdone by these followers of the establishment, a Methodist Church announces that "on Tuesday evening, election returns will be received." While waiting for tardy precincts, the "Music Makers will render a Sacred Program." A Baptist clergyman intends to preach on "What I Saw in Burma," and the Church of the Messiah is to hold a social service meeting, during which the

pastor will discuss the war in Europe and its relations to the "Social Question in America." Finally, a gentleman who does not mention the Church of his allegiance, gives warning that he will preach on the topic, "Why is the Church Losing Her Hold?" It seems scarcely necessary to preach a sermon to find the answer. This may be had by perusing the weekly ecclesiastical advertising column in any New York newspaper.

John Barleycorn has fallen upon evil times. Russia's intention to abolish the sale of vodka, and France's restrictions on the manufacture and sale of absinthe have been known for some time. In the armies, both of the Germans and of the Allies, the use of alcoholic liquors has been banned. Throughout London, licensed premises, including clubs and restaurants, have been ordered to close at ten instead of eleven P. M. In garrison towns the closing hour is nine, and it has been recommended that public houses be forbidden to open before ten or eleven in the morning. "It is mistaken kindness on the part of civilians," says the *London Times*, "to offer drink to soldiers, as training is thereby impeded and discipline adversely affected." In America, corporations with large employee lists are endeavoring to affect what legal prescription can not do, by putting a premium upon total abstainers. A steel company in Illinois, is planning a "dry" campaign among its workers, because under the workingmen's compensation law, it can not afford to retain men who drink. Over the entrances to the plant, huge electric signs flash these and similar questions, "Did Booze Ever Help You to Get a Good Job?" "Did Booze Ever Make Your Family Happier?" The motives here suggested may not be the most sublime, but they may be exceedingly useful in lessening intemperate drinking.

According to statistics prepared for the *Spectator* by Mr. F. L. Hoffmann, the homicide rate of the United States is the highest of any civilized country in the world. Last year the number of murders approximated 6,500. This is probably much lower than the real figure. Because of their reluctance to establish a felonious crime, coroners' juries frequently call murders "accidents." The murder rate of New York is six times that of London, three times that of Berlin, and larger by sixty per cent. than that of Paris. The worst American city in this respect is Memphis, which has 68 murders per 100,000 of population. The best is Milwaukee, with an average of 3.4. The most appalling feature of this black record is that the average has been steadily rising. The *Rochester Post-Express* attributes this increase to laxity in enforcing the law, and to faulty court procedure. This explanation the *Chicago Tribune* rejects as superficial.

Police laxness no doubt helps swell the list of homicides in this country. But there certainly must also be deep-seated sociological and pathological causes for our leadership in murder. The psychopathic laboratory in this city is now attempting a study of crime and criminals. But its work is limited. This country has need of a more effective and exacting system of getting and keeping crime data. We can not attempt to cure this sinister abnormality of our civilization without having made a thorough diagnosis of it first.

There is a good deal of nonsense in this learned prosing. None of the many commentators on Mr. Hoffmann's figures have noted that this increase in murder and other crimes of violence, coincides fairly well with the abandonment of religious teaching in the schools, and above all in the homes, of the American people. Bishops Candler and Williams, with other non-Catholic clergymen, are expressing their grave concern that several generations of Americans have grown up with no religious training whatever. Dr. J. H. Greenstone writes in the current "American Jewish Year Book" that the lack of religious education among Jewish children, is such as "should not be tolerated in a self-respecting community." It is not at all clear that our greatest need is a diagnosis made by psychopathic experimentation. The

disease and its main causes are fairly well known. What is desired is a remedy, and the remedy is to be found, not in law or psychopathy, but in religion.

"It is at least comforting to think," comments the *Month*, "that France may take her present visitation as a salutary warning, not only against further legislative injustice, but against a suicidal social practice which is at once abominable in the sight of God, and ruinous to her temporal interests." It would seem that a similar warning is almost as necessary in the United States. Hare-brained enthusiasts, ignorant alike of morality, science and human nature, are striving to legalize practices scarcely less deplorable, on the plea that what the race needs is not quantity, but quality. What Dr. Flick wrote some months ago in the *American Ecclesiastical Review* has recently been stated even more strongly by Sir William Bateson, when he said that the efforts of so-called eugenists were making America a spectacle to the civilized world. While the highest forms of eugenism may not advocate, they at least have no hard words for the practices, which in the last forty years, have cut cruelly into the resources of France. Shortly before the outbreak of the war, certain French "sociologists" were at pains to explain, that the falling birth rate in France simply indicated that the race was gradually working toward ideals of perfection. What it really meant, is thus expressed by the *Month*:

In 1871, the population of the new German Empire was forty-one millions odd, about five million more than that of France; now it is over sixty-five million, while France is still under forty. France, in other words, has increased by less than four millions in forty-three years, while Germany has grown by about twenty-five millions! It seems certain that on this occasion France, without the aid of Russia and England, would have proved as easy a victim to German arms as in 1870. Malthusianism is no less a foe to national greatness than it is to Christian life.

War is often the scourge in the hands of God, driving a people back to decency. So it was in the days of the Old Testament; so too, perhaps, in the wars that have devastated Europe more than once during the Christian era. Is the growth of this repulsive form of crime among the American people to bring upon them a similar punishment?

The *Living Church* for October 31, opens with a lyric of 164 verses on "The Summer of All Saints." This is really not so long when one considers that 11,066 Saints are immortalized in these imperishable verses. Brevity is consulted by devoting but a single line to the eleven thousand followers of Saint Ursula, and the space thus saved allows the poetess to commemorate in a line and a half, Saint Thomas à Kempis, lately raised to the altars by the See of Milwaukee. For the first time in history, very probably, the name of Saint Aloysius appears in the *Living Church*—tardy honor!—where for the sake of rhyme, and not from historical considerations, he is bracketed with Saints Jerome and Athanasius. By poetic license, doubtless, Saint Francis de Sales is assigned to the See of "Genoa," and the Apostle of the Indies, not without the sacrifice of melody, has his name changed to "Xaxier." The rhyme scheme of "The Summer of the Saints," seems borrowed from Gertrude Stein, the gifted singer of "Tender Buttons." "Holy and body," "how and flow," "loving and giving," "Antioch and Joan of Arc," "theology and humility," "Ursula and Bonaventura," "modesty and heart-pierced by," are possibilities which should not be overlooked by the next editor of Walker. It may be feared, however, that not a few members of the Protestant-Episcopal Church will like these Saints as little as they will like Miss Irving's verses. Three of them are Popes, and most of them are the merest of post-conciliar papists.